

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
Regularly selected from each PLAY.
WITH A
GENERAL INDEX,

Digesting them under proper HEADS.

Illustrated with

EXPLANATORY NOTES, and Similar Passages from
Ancient and Modern AUTHORS.

By *WILLIAM DODD, B. A.*
Late of Clare-Hall, Cambridge.

*The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.*

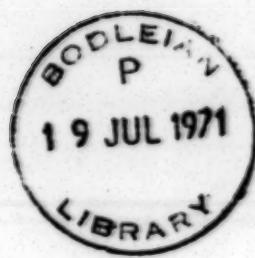
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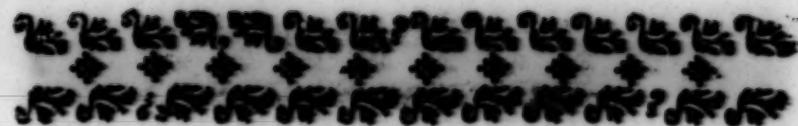
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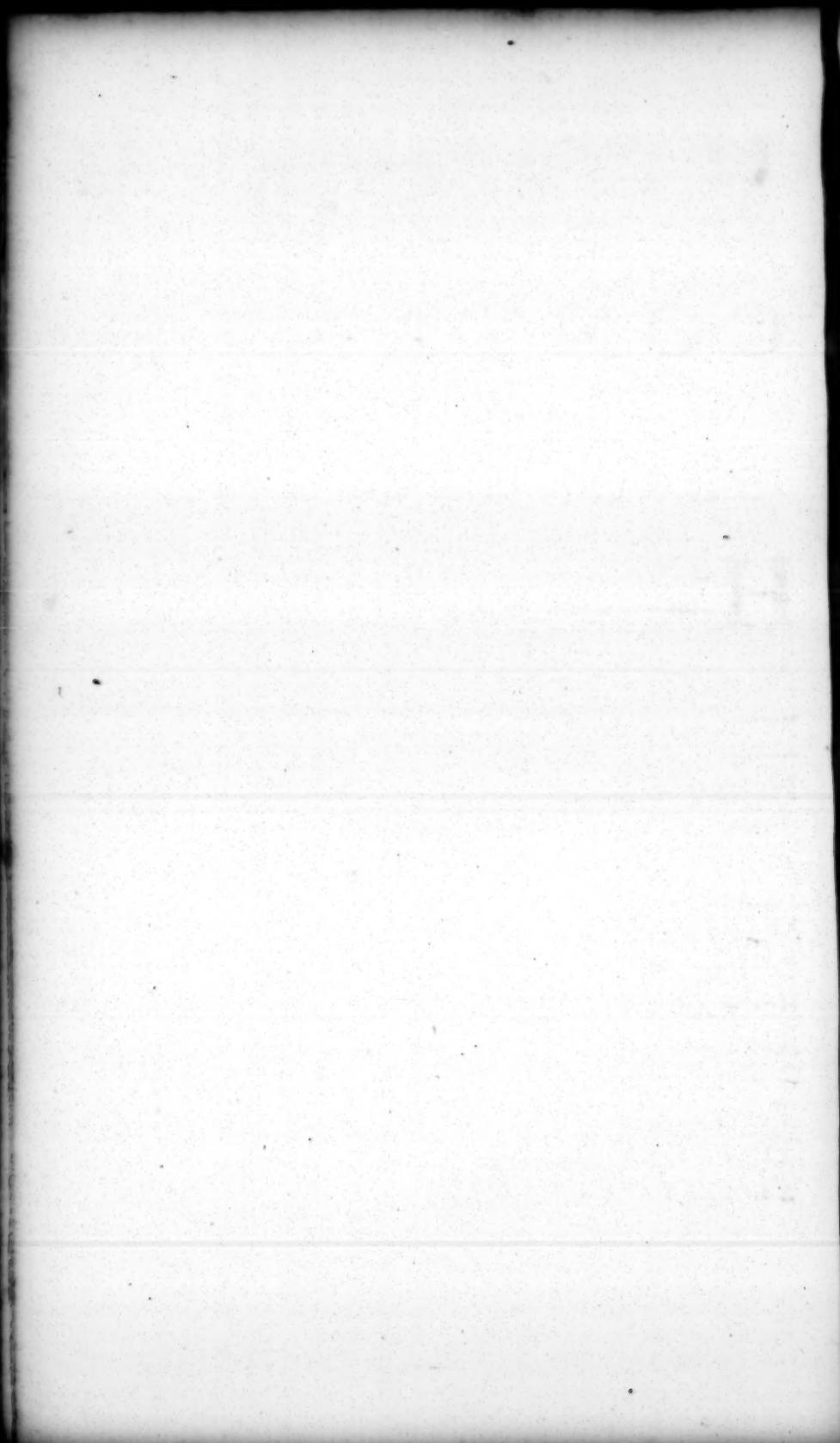
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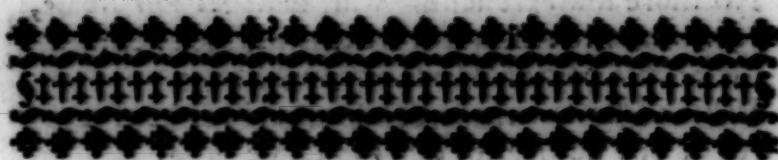




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THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

The First Part of HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Peace after Civil War.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds a-far remote.

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

(1) Shall damp her lips with her own childrens
blood :

No

(1) *Shall damp.*] i. e. Wet, moisten : the old editions, and with
them the Oxford, read *dowb* ; there seems to be something greatly
like

2 The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed files,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heavens,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

King Henry's Character of Piercy, and of his Son Prince Henry.

Yea there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me sin
In envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of so blest a son
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straitest plant,
Who is sweet fortune's mirror and her pride:
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*.

SCENE III. Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of their idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,

Like Shakespear in that word, but I have kept *damp*, as it is generally spell'd. The word *files*, in the fourth line following, is in the old edition *eyes*, and thus altered by Mr *Warburton*: others read *arms*. I don't know whether *eyes* might not be justified, but I think *files* preferable. See U.P.T. p. 334.

That

That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may more be wondred at,
By breaking thro' the foul and ugly misfits
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing-holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I threw off,
And pay the debt I never promised ;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And, like bright mettle on a fullon ground,
My reformation glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

SCENE IV. Hotspur's Description of a finical Courtier.

But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword ;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd :
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
(2) A pounce-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose : (and took't away again ;

(2) *Pounce Box.*] A small box for musk, or other perfumes then in fashion, the lid of which being cut with open work, gave it its name : from *poussoir*, to prick, pierce or engrave. So says Mr. *Wardour*, and then condemns the next lines as a stupid interpolation of the players : they are certainly not very easy to be defended, but we find many such conceits as these in *Shakspear*.

Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff). And still he smil'd and talk'd :
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

(3) I then, all smarting with my wounds, being
cold,

Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay
Answer'd negligently, I know not what ;
He should, or should not ; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums and wounds ; (God save the
mark !)

And telling me the sovereign'thing on earth
Was parmacety, for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,

(3) *I then, &c.*] When I first read this passage, I mark'd the lines, as I have printed them, and turning to the ingenious Mr. Edwards's canons of Criticism (p. 13.) I found he was of opinion, the lines should be so transposed : by this means the sense of the passage is quite clear, and we have no occasion for any alteration. "Mr. Warburton in order to make a contradiction in the common reading, and so make way for his emendation, misrepresents Hotspur as at this time [when he gave this answer] not cold, but hot. It is true, that at the beginning of the speech he describes himself as

Dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, &c.

Then comes in this gay gentleman, and holds him in an idle discourse, the heads of which Hotspur gives us ; and it is plain by the context, it must have lasted a considerable while. Now the more he had heated himself in the action, the more when he came to stand still any time would the cold air affect his wounds, &c.

This

The First Part of Henry IV.

This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

D A N G E R.

I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous:
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

H O N O U R.

(4) By heav'ns! methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

(4) *By heav'ns! Sec.*] I will not take upon me to defend this passage from the charge laid against it of bombast and fustian, but will only observe, if we read it in that light, it is, perhaps, one of the finest rants to be found in any author. Mr. Warburton attempts to clear it from the charge, and observes, "tho' the expression be sublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. *Euripides*, at least, (as he adds) thought so, when he put the very same sentiment, 'In the same words, into the mouth of *Eteocles*.'"

Eyes yapp, &c. —

I will not cloak my soul: methinks, with ease
I cou'd scale heaven, and reach the farthest star;
Or to the deepest intrails of the earth
Descending, pierce, so be I cou'd obtain
A kingdom at the price, and god-like rule.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Lady Piercy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

(5) O, my good lord, why are you thus alone ?
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banish'd woman from my *Harry's* bed ?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
 Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone ?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;
 Cry, courage ! to the field ! and thou hast talk'd
 Of fallies, and retires ; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets ;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoner's ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream :
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see, when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
 are these !
 Some heavy busines hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

(5) See *Portia's speech to Brutus* in *Julius Caesar*, Act II.
 Scene III.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Prodigies ridicul'd.

(6) I blame him not : at my nativity,
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes.
Of burning cressets ; know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which for enlargement striv-
ing,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples.

On miserable Rhymers.

(7) I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew !
Than one of these same meter-ballad-mongers :

P'd

(6) *I blame, &c.*] Glendower was mighty superstitious, he adds afterwards.

—Give me leave

To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields :
These signs mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life to shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.

(7) *I had, &c.*] Horace, in his art of poetry, speaking of poets, says—

Ut mala, &c.

A mad dog's foam, th' infection of the plague,
And all the judgments of the angry gods

475

3 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry-wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Husband sung to sleep by a fair Wife.

(8) She bids you
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And

Are not avoided more by men of sense,
That poetafters in the raging fits. —

And again ;

"Tis hard to say, whether for sacrilege,
Or incest, or some more unheard of crime,
The rhyming fiend is sent into these men :
But they are almost visibly possest,
And like a bated bear, when he breaks loose,
Without distinction, seize on all they meet :
Learn'd or unlearn'd, none scape within their reach ;
(Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,) —
Without remorse insatiable they read,
And never leave 'till they have read men dead.

ROSCOMMON.

(8) *She bids, &c.*] There is something extremely tender and
pleasing in these lines, as well as in the following, from *Philaster* ;
which justly deserve to be compared with them :

— Who shall now tell you
How much I lov'd you ? who shall swear it to you
And weep the tears I stend ? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets, lose his health in service ?

Wake

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
(9) As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnes'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

SCENE IV. *King Henry the 4th to his Son.*

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise ?
Who now shall sing you crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn ? who shall take up his lute
And touch it, till he *crown a silent sleep*
Upon my eye-lid, making me dream and cry,
Oh my dear, dear *Philaſter*.—

Act III. latter end.

(9) *As is, &c.*] It is remarkable of *Milton*, that whenever he can have an opportunity, he takes particular notice of the evening twilight, but I don't at present recollect any passage where he describes this morning-twilight, which *Shakespeare* so beautifully hints at : nothing can exceed this lovely description in the 4th book of his *Paradise Lost*.—

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad :
Silence accompanied : for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nest
Were flunk : all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung :
Silence was pleas'd, now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs : *Hesperus*, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. V. 598.

The reader will be agreeably entertained, by consulting the passage in Dr. *Newton's* edition of *Milton*.

Had

Had still kept loyal to possession ;
 And left me in repulsive banishment
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 But being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at !
 (10) That men would tell their children, " This
 is he."

Others would say, " Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?"
 And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,
 And drest myself in much humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from mens hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 And won, by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt : (11) 'Scarded his
 state :

Mingled his royalty with carping fools :
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns :
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless, vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enseoff'd himself to popularity :

(10) *That be, &c.*] *At pulchrum est digits monstrarier, & dicier*
bic est. Persius.

Oh it is brave to be admired, to see
 The crowd with pointing fingers cry, " That's he."

DRYDEN.

(11) 'Scarded, &c.] *i.e.* discarded, threw off. This reading is
 Mr. Warburton's : the old one is *carded* : this elision is not unusual
 with the poets ; frequently amongst the older ones we have 'scidein
 for disdain, &c.

That

That being daily swallow'd by mens eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetnes : whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded : seen, but with such eyes,
As sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze ;
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

Prince Henry's modest defence of himself.

—Heaven forgive them that so much have
sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on *Piercy's* head :
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, washt away, shall scowre my shame with
it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet ;
For every honour fitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indigities.

Percy

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 'T' ingross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
 This, in the name of heav'n, I promise here :
 The which, if I perform, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long grown wounds of my intemperature.
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A C T IV. S C E N E II.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young *Harry* with his beaver on,*
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercus*
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot-spur's Impatience for the Battle.

—Let them come
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoaky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar fit
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,

* *On*] Others read *up*; and there seems great probability in it.

Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a coarse.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come !

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

—Tell your nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praise of *Harry Percy* : By my hopes
(This present enterprize set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have been a truant to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of
Hot-spur.*

—Brave *Percy*—Fare thee well,
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
 I should not make so great a shew of zeal.
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
 And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rights of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n ;
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remembered in thy epitaph.

Falstaff's Catechism.

(12) Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on.
 But how, if honour prick me off, when I come on ?
 How then ? Can honour set to a leg ? No ; nor an
 arm ; No : or take away the grief of a wound ?
 No : Honour hath no skill in surgery then ? No :
 what is honour ? a word. What is the word ho-

(12) *Well, &c.*] In the *King and no King* of Beaumont and Fletcher, we have a character, plainly drawn from Shakespear's Falstaff; how short it is, and must necessarily be of the original, I need not observe. "I think, says Mr. Theobald, in his first note to that play, the character of *Bessus* must be allowed in general a fine copy from Shakespear's imitable Falstaff. He is a coward, yet would fain set him for a hero: ostentation without any grain of merit to support his vain-glory: a lyar throughout, to exalt his assumed qualifications; and lewd, without any countenance from the ladies to give him an umbrage for it. As to his wit and humour, the precedence must certainly be adjudg'd to Falstaff, the great original." The authors, in the third act, have introduced him, talking on the same subject with Falstaff here; though not in the same excellent manner, (an account of which, see in Mr. Upton's observations on Shakespear, p. 113.) *Bessus*. "They talk of fame, I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable penny-worth; some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise; for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it; my reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but *Mardonius*, and, I think, he conceals it to anger me, &c." The false and foolish notions of fame and honour are no where, that I know of, so well and justly censured, as in Mr. Wollaston's *Regium of Nature delineated*, sect 5. p. 116. printed in 1726.

nour?

hour? air: a trim reckoning.—Who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? No: doth he hear it? No: is it insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not live with the living? No: why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a meer scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

S C E N E V. *Life demands Action.*

(13) O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortneis basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

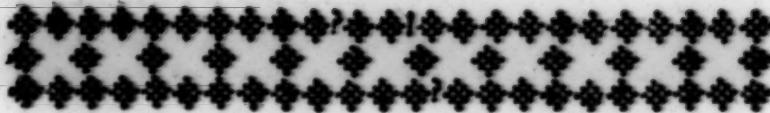
(13) *O gentlemen, &c.* See *All's well that ends well.* Act 3.
Sc. no. 4, and the note. *Virgil beautifully observes,*

*Stat sua cuique dies, breve & irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitae; sed famam extendere facit
Hoc virtutis opus.* —————

Act. 10.

To all that breathe is fixt th' appointed date,
Life is but short, and circumscrib'd by fate;
'Tis virtue's work by fame to stretch the span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the dayes of man.

BITT,



The second Part of HENRY IV.

Prologue to the second Part of Henry IV.

R U M O U R.

I From the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth ;
(1) Upon my tongues continual slander ride,

The

(1) Upon my, &c.] In the stage direction, *rumour* is said to enter painted full of tongues. *Shakespear*, in his description of *rumour*, had doubtless a view either to *Virgil's* celebrated description of *fame*, or *Ovid's* description of her cave in the 12th book of his *metamorphoses*: I shall give the reader part of both, and in as close a translation as possible, that he may judge the better.

Monstrum horrendum, &c.

A monster, hideous, vast ; as many plumes
As in her body stick, so many eyes
For ever waking (wondrous to relate)
There grew beneath ; as many babling tongues,
And lift'ning ears as many : by night she flies
Noisy thro' shades obscure, 'twixt earth and heav'n ;
Nor are her eyes by pleasing slumber clos'd ;
Watchful and prying round, by day, she sits
On some high palace-top, or lofty tow'r,
And mighty towns alarms : nor less intent
On spreading falsehood, than reporting truth, &c.

See *Trapp. Virg. En. 4.*

Atria turba tenet, &c.

Hither in crowds the vulgar come and go ; (To the cave
Millions of rumours here fly to and fro : of fame.)
Lies

The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety wounds the world;
And who but rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
* Whilst the big year, fwol'n with some other
grieſts,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmifes, jealousies, conjectures;
And, of ſo easy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

A C T I. S C E N E L

C O N T E N T I O N.

—Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Lies mixt with truth, reports that vary ſtill,
The itching ears of folks unguarded fill:
They tell the tale; the tale in telling grows,
And each relater adds to what he knows;
Rash error, light credulity are here,
And causeleſs transport and ill-grounded fear;
New-raiſ'd ſedition, ſecret whispers blown
By nameleſs authors and of things unknown,
Fame all that's done in heav'n, earth, ocean views,
And o'er the world ſtill hunts around for news.

See *Garth's Ovid.* b. 12.

* *Year, &c.*] Others read *ear*.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Post-Messenger.

After him came spurring hard
 A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
 He ask'd the way to *Chester* ; and of him
 I did demand the news from *Sbrewsbury*.
 He told me that rebellion had ill luck :
 And that young *Harry Percy*'s spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horie the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

SCENE III. *Messenger with ill News.*

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
 Foretels the nature of a tragic volume ;
 So looks the strand, whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe be-gone,
 Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd.

I see a strange confession in thine eye ;
 'Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
 To speak a truth : if he be slain, say so ;
 The tongue offends not that reports his death :
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,

Not

Not he, which says, the dead is not alive.

(2) Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sound s ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

Greater Griefs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms ; ev'n so my limbs
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch,
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ft hour that time and spight dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland* !
(3) Let heav'n kiss earth ! now let not nature's
hand

Keep

(2) Yet, &c.] Mr. Theobald remarks " this observation is cer-
tainly true in nature, and has the sanction of no less authorities
than those of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, who say almost the same
thing with our author here.

Opes, &c.

Alas ! the bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but an evil and unwelcome office.
The ingrateful task of bringing evil news
Is ever odious—

Æschylus.

Sophocles.

(3) Let] Longinus in his 15th section, speaking of noble and
terrible images, commends *Æschylus* for his success in them :
Æschylus,

Keep the wild flood confin'd ! Let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring a^t :
 But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 (4) And darkness be the burier of the dead !

SCENE VI. *The Fickleness of the Vulgar.*

* An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

Æschylus, says he, has made bold attempts in noble and truly heroic images : as, in one of his tragedies, the seven commanders against *Thebes*, without betraying the least sign of pity or regret, bind themselves by oath not to survive *Eteocles* :

The seven, a warlike leader, each in chief,
 Stood round, and o'er the black bronze shield they flew
 A full' bull : then plunging deep their hands
 Into the foaming gore, with oath, invok'd
 Mars and Enyo, and blood-thirsty terror."

Upon which the translator, judiciously quoting a fine image of this sort from *Milton*, afterwards observes, " how vehemently does the fury of *Northumberland* exert itself in *Shakespear*, when he hears of the death of his son *Hot-spur*. The rage and distraction of the surviving father shews how important the son was in his opinion. Nothing must be, now he is not : nature itself must fall with *Percy*. His grief renders him frantic : his anger desperate." And I think we may justly add, that no writer excels so much in these great and terrible images, as *Shakespear*, the *Æschylus* of the British stage. See *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 1.

(4) *And, &c.] Εν τοις διερχομένοις γατα μηχανήστω ποτε.*
 With me, departing hence, all earth consum'd
 Perish in general conflagration.

And *Medea* tells us, she shall then only rest

When with herself all nature is involv'd
 In universal ruin.—

See Med. A. 2. S. 1.

* See *Coriolanus*, A. 1. S. 3.

O thou

O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Did'st thou beat heav'n with blessing Bolinbroke,
Before he was, what thou would'st have him be ?
And now, being trim'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

A C T III. S C E N E I

On SLEEP.

—(5) O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That

(5) *O gentle, &c.*] Horace, in his 3d book and first ode tells us, Sleep despairs not to dwell with the poor; take it in Mr. Cowley's paraphrase;

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in palaces :
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages :
His poppy grows amongst the corn.

The halcyon sleep will never build his nest,
In any stormy breast ;
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind,
Darkness but half his work will do ;
'Tis not enough, he must find quiet too.

But whatever passages we may find like the former part of this speech, there is nothing I ever met with equal to the bold and sublime flight in the latter part of it : Lee, indeed, has taken a hint from it, the thought is so great and uncommon, it must be only Shakespear that could have soar'd so high.

So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,
Safe as a drowsy Tryton, rock'd with storms,
While tossing princes wake on beds of down.

Mithridates.

Sir Thomas Hanmer thus explains the line *A watch-cafe, &c.*
" This alludes to the watchmen set in garrison-towns, upon some
eminence

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case to a common larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the rusian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ?
 And, in the calmest, and the stillest night,
 With all the appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ?

A C T IV. S C E N E VIII.

The Character of King HENRY V. by his Father.

He is gracious if he be observ'd ;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day, for melting charity :

eminence attending upon an alarm-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarm-bells are mentioned in several other places of *Shakespear*." The word *Pallet* at the beginning signifies a little low bed.

Yet

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint :
As humourous as winter, and as sudden

(6) As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd ;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;
But being moody, give him line and scope,
'Till, that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

SCENE IX. *On FORTUNE.*

(7) Will fortune never come with both hands
full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach and no food,
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach : such the rich
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

(6) *As flaws.*] The meaning of the word in this place seems to be, the *small blades* of ice, which are stuck on the edges of the water in winter mornings, and which I have heard called by that name. *Edwards.* See canons of criticism, p. 71.

(7) *Will, &c.*] This observation is no less common than true : *Ovid* says,

*Nulli sincera Veluptas,
Sollici'que aliquid laetis intervenit.* Met. I. 7.

No mortal blessings ever come sincere,
Pleasure may lead, but grief brings up the rear.

And in *Plautus* his *Amphitruon* there is a like remark,
‘ *Satin' parva, &c.*’

How short, how trifling are the joys of life
If with the evils that it brings compar'd ?
This is the state of man, decreed by heav'n,
That all his pleasure shall be mix'd with pain,
And lasting woe succeed each short delight.

*Anony.
Dialogue*

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

—Come hither to me, *Harry*,
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

P. *Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak again,

K. *Henry.* Thy wish was rather, *Harry*, to that
thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee,

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence : and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast wetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life,
What ! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head ;
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees :
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Henry the fifth is crown'd : up vanity,
Down royal state. All you sage councillors hence,

And

And to the *English* court assemble now
From every region apes of idleness :
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scum ?
Have you a ruffian that will swear ? drink ? dance ?
Revel the night ? rob ? murder ? and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall give him office, honour, might :
For the fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom ! sick with civil blows :
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. O pardon me, my liege ! but for my
tears,

Kneeling.

(The moist impediments unto my speech)
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours ; if I affect it more,
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your Ma-
jesty,

How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,
O let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

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D

(And

(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. 'The care on thee depend-
 ing

Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold ;
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious
 Preserving life in med'cine potable :
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
 nown'd,

Haft eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal leige,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head
 To try with it (as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father)
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it ;
 Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Henry. O my son !

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's
 love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it fate upon my head.
 'To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation :
 For all the soil of the atchievement goes

With

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou feest with peril I have answered.
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
So thou the garland wear'st successively:
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell-working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy land;
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign wars; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

SCENE X. *Reflections on a Crown.*

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night : sleep with it now !
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 (8) As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
 'That scalds with safety.

SCENE XI. *G O L D.*

(9) How quickly nature
 Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object ?

For

(8) *Ab*, &c.] The word *biggen* signifies properly a cap or coif of linen, worn by children, and here any meaner kind of night-cap. The poets abound with complaints of the miseries of greatness : in one of the choruses of Seneca's *Hercules Oetaeus*, they sing,

O si fateant, &c.
 O were the minds of great ones seen,
 What care tempestuous rage within,
 And scourge their souls ; the *Brutian* sea
 Toss'd by wild storms, more calm than they ;
 And again
 Let others insolent and great,
 Enjoy the treach'rous smiles of fate :
 To courts, oh, never let me roam ;
 Blest with content and peace at home.
 May my small bark in safety fail,
 Ne'er tempted by a prosp'rous gale,
 Roving to leave the sight of shore :
 And dang'rous distant deeps explore !

Ward.

(9) *How, &c.]* If the miseries of the greatness be so universal a topic, we have one before us that is still more so : *Shakespear* perhaps

For this, the foolish, over careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry : for this engrossed
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold :
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
When, like the bee, culling from every flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with
honey,
We bring it to the hive ; and like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains,

A C T V. S C E N E III.

*The Chief Justice to the King Henry V. whom
be had imprisoned.*

—If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench :
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person.
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.

perhaps has excelled any writer on the subject in this place and other parts of his work, but more particularly in *Timon of Athens*, (which see A. 4. Sc. 3, &c.) It would be easy to quote numberless similar passages, but the universality of the topic and every reader's observation must render it tedious and unnecessary.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd:
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power so silencing your son.

The



The Life of Henry V.

PROLOGUE.

(1) **O** For a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention !
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike *Harry*, like himself,
 Assume the port of *Mars* ; and at his heels,
 (Leasht in, like hounds) should famine, sword and
 fire,
 Crouch for employment.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CONSIDERATION.

Consideration, like an angel came,
 (2) And whipt th' offending Adam out of him ;
 Leaving

(1) *O for, &c.*] *Milton*, who was a zealous admirer and studious imitator of our author, seems to have had the fine opening of this prologue in his eyes, when he began the 4th book of his *Paradise Lost*.

*O for that warning voice ! which he, who saw
 Th' Apocalyps, heard cry in heav'n aloud,
 Then, when the dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be revenged on men,
 Woe to th' inhabitants of earth.* THEOBALD.

(2) *And whipt, &c.*] *Shakespear* enriched himself, and greatly improved his incomparable genius from the scriptures, and end-
 less

Leaving his body as a paradise ;
 'T envelope and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. His Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,
 You would desire the king were made a prelate,
 (3) Hear him debate in common-wealth affairs,
 You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music.
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still ;
 And the mute wonder lurketh in mens ears,
 To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

less source of true knowledge and sublimity: this, Mr. Upton had judiciously observed, who remarks on this passage, that according to the scripture expression, the *old Adam*, or the *old Man*, ~~was a bad or depraved~~, signifies *man* in his unregenerated or gentile state: and the *new man*, is man in his regenerated and christian state. See Rom. vi. 6. Ephes. vi. 22. Coloss. iii. 9."

(3) *Hear him, &c.*] I have purposely avoided any historical remarks, or characters of persons in this work, as it would swell it much beyond the intended compass: however the English reader will find no small satisfaction in comparing the historical plays of *Shakespear* with the genuine history, and more particularly if he is happy enough to read that fine history of *England*, which doth honour to the nation, and is superior to all the encomiums I can give it, compiled by Mr. *Guthrie*, to whom our author likewise is particularly obliged by his judicious and incomparable *Essay on Tragedy*.

SCENE II. *The Common-wealib of Bees.*

(4) So work the honey bees :
Creatures, that by a * ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom,
They have a king and officer of fort :

(4) That *Shakespear*, in this place, really and designedly imitated *Virgil*, and took the chief hints from him, I cannot but believe; however it would be endless to quote from *Virgil* and other authors, the many passages similar to it: the subject of *Virgil's 4th Georgic*, and the agreeable manner in which he treats it, is known to almost every one that reads: I shall only quote a few lines from Dr. *Trapp's* translation, and refer those who desire to see more to the original. See verse 180.

Of all the mute creation, these alone
A public weal and common int'rest known,
Imbody'd; and subbst by certain laws.
Mindful of winter they in summer toil ;
And, for their country's good, preserve their store.
Some, by joint compact, range the fields for food,
Industrious; others in their tents at home
Necifera clamy tears, and gum from trees,
Lay, as the first foundation of their combs;
Then into arches build the viscid wax:
Others draw forth their colonies adult,
The nation's hope: some work the purer sweets
And with the liquid nectar stretch their cells :
Some (such their post allotted) at the gates
Stand centry: and alternate watch, the rain
And clouds observing: or unlade their friends
Returning: or in troops beat off the drones,
A lazy cattle: hot the work proceeds, &c.
— The aged fires
With curious architecture build their cells ;
And guard their towns, and fortify their combs :
But late at night the youth fatigu'd return,
Their legs, with thyme full-laded, &c.

It is worth-remarking how much *Shakespear* makes any thing his own, and how truly an original his judicious manner renders that which is really an imitation. *Vanier*, in his *Prædium Rusticum*, hath many pretty and new things on this subject, in that book, where he treats of *Bees*.

* *Ruling, Warb. vulg. Rule in.*

Where

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home:
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
 Others, like soldiers armed in their strings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing mason, building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in.
 The heavy burdens at his narrow gate:
 The sad-ey'd justice with his fudly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy, yawning drone.

A C T II. S C E N E II.

The Hostess's Account of Falstaff's Death.

He made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child, a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen. How now, Sir *John*, quoth I; what, man! be of good cheer, so a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times; so I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God: I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so he bade me lay more cloaths on his feet - I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone,

Warlike

Wartike Spirit.

(5) Now all the youth of *England* are in arms,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
Now strive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all christian kings,
With winged heels, as *English* Mercuries.
For now fits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers,

E N G L A N D.

* O *England* ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy childred kind and natural ?

(5) Now, &c.] See the beginning of *Richard the third* ; I know not a finer image in all *Shakespear*, than that of *expectation* in the subsequent lines : *Milton* too has made a person of *Expectation* in the 6th book, and ver. 306. of *Paradise Lost* ; but though truly sublime, he must submit very much to our daring and admirable poet.

Two broad funs, their shields,
Blaz'd opposite, while *Expectation* stood
In horror.

Mr. *Warburton* observes of the passage in the text, that “ *Expectation* sitting in the air, designs the height of their ambition ; and the sword, hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory.”

* See the last passages in *King John*.

But

But see, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treach'rous crowns.

SCENE II. *False Appearances.*

Oh ! how thou hast with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! shew men dutiful ?
 Why so did'st thou : or seem they grave and learn-
 ed ?

Why so did'd thou : come they of noble family ?
 Why so did'st thou : seem they religious ?
 Why so did'st thou : or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
 (6) Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither ?
 Such, and so finely boulted did'st thou seem.
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot :
 To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd
 With some suspicion.

King Henry's Character by the Constable of France.

You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace, the late ambassadors,

(6) *Not, &c.] i. e.* Not trusting to either, eye or ear only, but using both on every occasion, and trusting neither but in purged judgment, with well-weigh'd deliberation. Mr. *Warburton's* emendation, which is adopted by Mr. *Theobald*, needs only be mentioned to shew it is not *Shakespeare's*,

Not working with the *ear*, but *with the eye*.

With

With what great state he heard their embassy
How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution :
And you shall find his vanities fore-spent,
Were but the outside of the *Roman Brutus*
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Description of a Fleet setting sail.

(7) Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young *Phœbus* fanning,
Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
'To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaded sail,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge !

(7) *Suppose, &c.*] On this subject we might reasonably expect *Shakespeare* should stand unrivalled by the writers of every other country, as here his country justly boasts herself unrivaled. *Milton* in *Samson Agonistes*, says beautifully enough of *Delila*, she

Like a stately ship,
Proud of her gawdy trim, comes this way sailing,
With all her brav'ry on, and tackle trim.
Sails fill'd and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds ;
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll :
 And (the third hour of drowzie morning nam'd,
 Proud of their number and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away : the poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminante
 The morning's danger : (8) and their gesture sad,
 (Investing

(8) *And their gesture, &c.*] The present passage has perplexed the commentators, and seems not to have been at all understood by them : *Theobald* has left it as it stands, without troubling himself about it. *Warburton* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer* have both misunderstood, and both altered it differently. Their mistakes have arisen from imagining the participle *investing* was to be connected with *gesture*

(Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,) * Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,

gesture sad in the foregoing line, whereas it is put absolute, and to be construed *lank-lean* cheeks, and *war-worn* coats investing: there is no difficulty in the word applied to *coats*, as the immediate sense of the word is *cloathing*: *Shakespear* uses *investments* for cloaths in the foregoing play, A. 4. S. 2.

Whose white *investments* figure innocence.

The difficulty is in the word applied to *lank-lean* cheeks; it must there be taken metaphorically: we know how vague our author is in his use of metaphors, and we know how often he uses one verb or participle to two nouns of a different sense, as here. But indeed the metaphor is not unusual, we say often—the face is *clath'd* with smiles: thus to me this difficult passage appears in a very clear light, which I could have wished Mr. *Edwards*, who so well understands our author, had explained to us: he seems to look upon it as desperate. See *Can. of Criticism*, p. 72.

A very ingenious gentleman observed to me, upon my asking his opinion of the passage, that *investing*, by the common acceptation, signifies *besieging*, or *taking possession* of all the avenues to a place: and this arises from the *ancient* and feudal customs of giving possession by a robe or vestment. He observed, that *Shakespear* uses the word in a simple sense: an *investment* of him being the *matching* of cloaths: and cloaths that are well matched or suited, are called a *suit* or *suit* of cloaths.

— And their *gesture sad*
Investing (i. e. *suiting* or *matching* with) *lank-lean* cheeks, &c.

He seems to have fallen into the same mistake with the other commentators in regard to the construction. All I would observe from his judicious remark is, that *investing*, in the *metaphorical* sense, if it satisfies not the reader in the *simple* one, will explain the passage very well: *lank-lean* cheeks and *war-worn* coats taking *possession* of them, &c. but I think the first sense the true one.

I cannot but approve Sir *Thomas Hanmer*'s criticism of *presented* into *presenteth*, which I have admitted into the text, as the reader may plainly see, the *chorus* speaks of time present: they *fit*, they *ruminare*, and so on. To make the line more clear, I have printed it in a parenthesis, and I hope, shall be excused for my endeavour to explain so difficult a passage, as I would have every line, in our author, if possible, set right, and by all means prefer the old and general readings to any wanton conjectures of misapprehending criticism.

* *Presenteth*. Ox. ed. vulg. *presented*.

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his hosts,
 Bids them good Morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night;
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With chearful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His lib'ral eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear.

Enter three Soldiers, Bates, Court, and Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we never shall see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A Friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand,
that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king!

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should: for tho' I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: The violet smells to him, as it does to me; the element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear; lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but I believe as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor mens lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever, you speak this to feel other mens minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company: his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the king's

Subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads chop'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a place*, some swearing, some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king, that led them to it, whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son, that by his father sent about merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant under his master's command, transporting a sum of money be assaile'd by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the busines of the master the author of the servants damnation; but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the Arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars the bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment; though they

can

can out strip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance: so that here men are punish'd, for before breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel, where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars, do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bles-sedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

SCENE V. *The Miseries of Royalty.*

(9) O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,

Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? And what have kings,
That private have not too,—save ceremony?—
Save gen'ral ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

(9) O, &c.] See A. 4. S. 10, of the foregoing play.

Of

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?
 What are thy rents ? What are thy coming in ?
 O ceremony, shew me but thy worth :
 (10) What is the soul of adoration ?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men ?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flatt'ry ? O be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give the cure.
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation ?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee,
 Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;

(10) *What, &c.*] What is thy soul of adoration—is the common reading: there wants but the alteration of *thy* into *the*, as in the text, and all is well: the meaning is, as well explained by Mr. Upton,---what is the soul, i. e. the real worth, what substantial good is there in adoration or ceremony ? what are the rents ? what are the coming in. Oh ceremony ! shew me but thy worth, tell me What is the soul, the very utmost value of adoration ?—“Shakespear uses the word *soul* in this sense very often;—in this play, he says,

There is some soul of goodness in things evil ;
 i. e. some real or substantial good.

In his *Midsummer Night's Dream*,
 But you must join in souls to mock me to ;
 i. e. unite together heartily, and in earnest.

And in *Measure for Measure* ;

— We have with special soul
 Elected him, &c.

i. e. particularly and specially *speciamente*. The alterations foisted into the texts in the several places, are too ridiculous to need mentioning. *Upton's Observations*, p. 406.

I am

I am a king, that find thee, and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The fword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farsed titled running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shoar of this world ?
No, not all these thrice gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep, so soundly as the wretched slave ;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell :
* But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,

Sweats

* *But, like, &c.*] The poet in this most beautiful passage is comparing the *laborious slave* to the *lacquey* or footman of *Phæbus* : ' He never beholds night, says the poet, but like a *lacquey* obliged ever to attend and follow his master, sweats from rise to set, in the eye of *Phæbus*, his master, sleeps all night, where he (*Phæbus*) sleeps, in Elysium, and the next day, after dawn, rises to his busyness, and helps his master, *Hyperion*, to his horse ; in whose sight he again sweats from rise to set as before, and thus follows the ever-running year, &c.' Nothing can be more exquisite, and more nobly bepeak the hand of *Shakespear*. Mr. *Seward*'s alteration is quite unnecessary ; for this manner of expression is intirely agreeable to our author. That gentleman, in his preface, brings the following passage from *Philaster*, A. 4. as worthy to be placed in competition with that of *Shakespear*, and where the hands, he says, are scarcely to be distinguished, except from one single expression of *Shakespear*. ' A prince depriv'd of his throne, and betray'd as he thought in love, thus mourns his melancholy state. See *Beaumont and Fletcher's* works, Vol. I. preface, p. 24.

Oh that I had been nourish'd in these wood,
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, or the dissembling train
Of woman's looks ; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed :
And then had taken me some mountain girl,

Beaten

Sweats in the eye of Phœbus ; and all night
 Sleeps in elysium : next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his Horse :
 And follows so the ever running year
 With profitable labour to his grave :
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

SCENE VII. *A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.*

Yon island carions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill favour'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hands : and their poor
 jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips :
 The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes ;
 And in their pale dull mouths the (11) jymold bit
 Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
 Whereon she dwells : that might have strew'd my bed
 With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
 Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
 My large coarse issue !

(11) *Jymold*] *Jymold*, or rather *gimmald*, which signifies a ring of two rounds, *Genellus, Skynner*. Mr. Pope.

SCENE

SCENE X. *King Henry's Speech before the Battle at Agincourt.*

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd:
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that out-lives this day, and sees old-age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbour,
And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars;
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our
names,
Familiar in their mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembred.

SCENE XII. *Description of the Earl of York's Death.*

* He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, dear my lord,
Commend

* *He smil'd, &c.*] This tender and pathetic description of the earl of York's death always reminds me of Virgil's celebrated episode on the *friendship* of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, who fell undivided in death, and lovely as they had lived—*Euryalus*, was wounded when his friend rush'd to his assistance, and begged his life: the poet tells us;

Commend my service to my sovereign;
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kis'd his lips;
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 These waters from me, which I would have stop'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

ACT V. SCENE III.

The Miseries of War.

(13) Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Unpruned lies; her hedges even peach'd,
 Like prisoners, wildly over-grown with hair,

Put

¶ In vain he spoke, for ah, the sword addrest
 With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast,
 With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,
 And pale in death he welters in his gore,
 As a gay flower with blooming beauties crown'd,
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground:
 Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
 Bends the faint head and sinks upon the plain:
 So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
 His head declin'd, and drooping, as he dies.

Now 'midst the foe, distracted *Niſus* flew:
Volſcens, and him alone, he keeps in view:
 The gathering train, the furious youth surround,
 Darts follow darts; and wound succeeds to wound:
 All, all unfelt: he seeks their guilty lord,
 In fiery circles, flies his thundering sword:
 Nor ceas'd, but found at length the destin'd way,
 And buried in his mouth the faulchion lay.
 Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on every side,
 Brave *Niſus* flew the murderer as he died;
 Then on the dear *Euryalus* his breast,
 Sunk down and slumber'd in eternal rest.

See Pitt, *Æn.* 9.

(13) *Her, &c.*] This is from the psalms, *Wine that maketh glad the heart of man*, ps. 104. 15. The word *lies* in the text is
 ¶ *ifus.*

Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemloc, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the culture rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckfies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility :
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildnes.

an emendation of Mr. Warburton's: the old reading is *dias*: in confirmation of it, it may be observed, the author speaks all through of the *husbandry corrupting its own fertility*, as he says; the vine unpruned, grows wild and unfruitful; the hedges unpleached, putting forth disorder'd twigs; the fallow leas are over-run with weeds, darnel, &c. and so every thing, vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, defective in their natures, grow to wildness: defective in *their own particular natures*. " *Sua deficiuntur natura*; (says Mr. Upton, in the preface to his Observations, &c. p. 41.) they were not defective in their *creative* nature, for they grew to wildness: but were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man."



* *The first Part of Henry VI.*

A C T I. S C E N E VI. *GLORY.*

(1) **G**LORY is like a circle in the water ;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

A C T

* It is not the business or intention of this work to enter into a consideration of the genuineness of some of those compositions, which are generally received as *Shakespear's*, tho' disputed, and I think, we may add justly, by the critics. Among the rest none appear less worthy of our inimitable author, than the three following; some fine strokes in them sufficiently assure us *Shakespear* lent a hand; that he composed the whole, I can by no means persuade myself; however, I leave it to the discussion of others, and only beg leave to observe, there are, beside the few passages I have selected, many single lines, which I could not well produce as beauties separately considered, that merit observation.

(1) *Glory, &c.*] *Beaumont and Fletcher* in their *Bloody Brother*, use this fine simile, tho' on another subject, with equal beauty.

The

A C T V. S C E N E VIII.

MARRIAGE.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Is like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings,
Rise in his face, still swelling, and still growing;
So jars distrusts encircle, distrusts dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme follows,
Till nothing bound them but the shoar, their graves.

Act 2. Sc. 1.

But Mr. Pope has improved it wonderfully, in the latter part
of his *Essay on man*.

Self-love but serves the virtuous breast to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
Its country next, and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, tho' overflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.



The second Part of HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

A resolv'd ambitious Woman.

(1) **F**O L L O W I must, I cannot go before,
While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble
mind.

'Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I wou'd remove these tedious stumbling blocks ;
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being a woman I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Lord ever to be remembered

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

SCENE VII. Eleanor to the Duke of *Glo'ster*,
when doing Penance.

For whilst I think I am thy married wife ;
And thou a prince, protector of this land ;
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

(1) *Follow, Sec.*] There is something very like the character of lady *Macbeth*, in this ambitious wife of the duke of *Glo'ster*.

Mail'd

(2) Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd
groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the cruel people laugh:
And bid me be advised how I tread.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Silent Resentment deepest.

* Smooth runs the water where the brook is
deep;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

SCENE IV. *A guilty Countenance.*

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Description of a murder'd Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale and blood-less;
(3) Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,

F 3 Who,

(2) Mail'd.] Cover'd in a sheet as a man is in a coat of mail.

* Smooth.] Swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they're satisfied,
And smile in thou and curl to gild their craft.

The bloody Brother, Act 2. Sc. 1.

(3) Being, &c.] There is some little irregularity in grammar
here; I have put a hyphen at blood-less, to make it the plainer;
being all, i. e. all the *blood* being descended, &c. I cannot quite
be reconciled to *who* in the next line; it may indeed be allowed,
but I should rather transpose *that*, and read

That in the conflict which it holds with death.

That

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheeks again.
But see his face is black, and full of blood ;
His eye-balls farther out, than when he liv'd :
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man ;
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-
gling ;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that graft
And tugg'd for life ; and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well-proportion'd beard, made rough and rug-
ged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd :
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable

SCENE VII. *A good Conscience.*

(4) What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;
And

'Tho' perhaps, *which* soon after following, may be an objection.
And we may observe, he uses *who* almost in the same manner
in the second page of this volume :

He gave his nose —————
Who therewith angry —————

(4) *What, &c.]* A little before it is said,

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

This sentiment is plainly shadow'd from two celebrated odes of Horace ; the 22d of the first book, and the 3d of the 3d book. The first begins, *Integer vix, &c.*

And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SCENE VIII. *Remorseless Hatred.*

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
(5) As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,

Mine

From virtue's laws who never parts,
Without the Moorish lance or bow,
Or quiver stor'd with poison'd darts,
Secure thro' savage realms may go, &c.

The other, *Justum ac tenacem propositi virum, &c.*

That upright man, who's steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
The fury of the populace defies,
And dares the tyrant's threat'ning frowns despise, &c.

I only just refer the reader to them, as they are so generally known: *Horace* too in his epistles has a fine sentiment to this purpose.

— *Hic murus ahenus esto,*
Nil confire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

Be this thy guard, and this thy strong defence,
A virtuous heart, and spotless innocence:
Not to be conscious of a shameful sin,
Nor to look pale for scarlet crimes within. Creech.

(5) *At, &c.*] This is as fine a picture of envy as could possibly be given in so narrow a compass: *Spencer* hath described her twice in his *Faerie Queen*, and in both places given us a most loathsome picture, which *Longinus* would surely have greatly discommended, when we find him so severe on an author for one line representing a nauseous image. See his *Essay* on the *Sublime*.

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban,
 And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste !
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress-trees !
 Their sweetest prospect, murd'ring basilisks !
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings !
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss !
 And boding screach-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell ——

* * * * *

Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee :
 Go, speak not to me : even now be gone ——
 Oh ! go not yet — ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die : ——
 Yet, now farewell, and farewell life with thee !
 Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 (6) 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
 A wilderness is populous enough,

So

Line, *feet 9.* See *Spencer's Faerie Queen*, B. 15. l. 4. ft. 30.
 and B. 5. l. 82. ft. 29. It may be worth while to remark, how
 exactly *Shakespear* suits his language to his character : how
 different are these curses from the mouth of *Suffolk*, to those,
 from the mouth of *Caliban*, in the *Tempest*.

(6) 'Tis not, &c.] This passage, as Mr. *Whalley* has observed
 in his enquiry into the learning of *Shakespear*, is the antient
 language of love, and employed by *Tibulus* to his own mistress.

Sis

So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly company,
For where thou art, there is the world itself;
With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world:
And where thou art not, desolation.

SCENE IX. *Dying, with the Person belov'd,
preferable to parting.*

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between his lips.

SCENE X. *The Death-bed Horrors of a
guilty Conscience.*

(7) Bring me unto my tryal, when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

Oh,

*Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis.
Quia nulla humana sit via trita pede:
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen & in Solis tu mihi turba locis.*

A wilderness, unknown to man, with thee
Were blest, and populous enough for me;
For where thou art each sorrow flies away,
Deserts are worlds, and night outshines the day.

I have often lamented we have not so good a translation of this delicate poet and polite lover, as his excellence deserves.

(7) Bring, &c.] Nothing can more admirably picture to us the horror of a guilty conscience, than this frantic raving of the cardinal:

When death's approach is seen so terrible —————
Ah, what a sign it is of evil life!

Thus hath guilt, even in this world, its due reward, and iniquity is not suffered to go unpunished: the well-weighing such frightful scenes might, perhaps, be of no small service to such

Oh, torture me no more, I will confess—
 Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
 I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:
 Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

NIGHT.

(8) The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
 * And now loud howling wolves arouse the
 jades,
 That tragic melancholy night:
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
 Clip dead mens graves; and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

SCENE

as despise lectures from the pulpit, and laugh at the interested representations of divines.

(8) *The, &c. e.]* See the last passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Spencer*, speaking of night, says;

And all the while she stood upon the ground.
 The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
 With which her iron wheels did them affray,
 And her dark griesly look, them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
 With dreary shrieks, did alio her bewray:
 And hungry wolves continually did howl,
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

See *Faerie Queen*, B. 1. c. 5. st. 30.

* No numbers can better express the thing than these. *Shakespear* shews us, that he can as well excel in that, as in every other branch of poetry. None of the so celebrated lines of *Hammer* and *Virgil*, of this sort, deserve more commendation: here the

SCENE VI. K E N T.

(9) *Kent*, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle ;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches :
'The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour, have I always done ;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could ne-
ver.

(10) When have I aught exacted at your hands ?
Kent, to maintain, the king, the realm and you,
Large

the line, as it ought, justly *labours*, and the *verse moves slow*.
However I intend not to enter into any criticism of *Shakespear's*
versification, wherein could we prove him superior to all other
writers, we must still acknowledge it the least and most trifling
matter, wherein he is superior. It is worth observing, that
what *Shakespear* says of the *clipping dead mens graves*, might
not impossibly be taken from *Theocritus*, who, speaking of *He-
cate*, the infernal and nocturnal deity, in his 2d *Idyllium*, says---

To *χορια Εναττα*, &c.

Infernall *Hecate*, howling dogs abhor,
When 'midst the dead mens graves, and putrid gore,
She stalks —

(9) *Kent, &c.*] *York*, in the next play, A. 1. s. 4. speaking
of the *Kentishmen*, says,

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

(10) *When, &c.*] The interrogation in all the editions is
placed at the end of this line: the passage, in my opinion,
should be painted thus :

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain, the king, the realm, and you ?

This

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks ;
Because my book preferr'd me to the king :
And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unless you be posses'd with dev'lish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This renders, the passage plain and easy : that he should have bestowed gifts on learned clerks to maintain *Kent*, the king, &c. is somethings very unreasonable ; that he should have bestowed gifts on them because his book preferred him to the king, is not only reasonable, but extremely probable.



The Thbird Part of HENRY VI.

A C T I. SCENE IV.

The Transports of a Crown.

(1)—**D**O but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a
crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

SCENE

(1) *Do but, &c.*] In the second part of *Henry IV.* we have some fine reflections on the miseries that attend a crown: these, on the transports it bestows, are beautifully in character, and come very aptly from the mouth of the ambitious *Gloucester*. In the *Double Marriage* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Ferrand* the tyrant, complaining of the miseries that attend royalty, a courtier longing to enjoy the honour, is put into possession of them for one day, and finds them sufficiently burdensome. See the third act. Some of the tyrant's complaints, and the courtiers praises of royalty, are the following:

Ferr. Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burden of my cares,
And yield myself most wretched.

Fill. Look but on this,
Has not a man that has but means to keep
A hawk, a grey-hound, and a hunting nag,
More pleasure than this King?

Castr. A dull fool still;
Make me a king, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better: give me rule,
Command, obedience, pleasure of a king,
And let the devil roar; the greatest corrosive
A king can have, is of mere precious tickling,
And handled to the height more dear delight,
Than other mens whole lives, let them be safe too.

SCENE V. *A hungry Lion.*

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
 That trembles under his devouring paws ;
 And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
 And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

SCENE VI. *The Duke of York on the gallant
 Behaviour of his Sons.*

My sons, God knows, what hath bechanted
 them :

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life or death.
 Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
 And thrice cry'd, courage, father ! fight it out :
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side.
 With purple falchion paainted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire ;
Richard cry'd charge ! and give no foot of ground :
 And

Thou enemy to majesty,
 What think'st thou of a king ?

Will. As of a man,
 That hath power to do all ill.

Castr. Or a thing rather
 That does divide an empire with the Gods ;
 Observe but with how little breath he shakes
 A populous city, which would stand unmov'd
 Against a whirlwind !
 For me, I do profess it
 Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth,
 I would be mighty *Ferrand*.——

Ferr. Did'st thou but feel
 The weighty sorrows that fit on a crown,
 Tho' thou should'st find one in the streets, *Castruccis*,
 Thou would'st not think it worth the taking up :
 But

And cry'd a crown, or else a glorious tomb,
A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre.
With this we charg'd again ; but out ! alas,
We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite Child.

Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

That face of his the hungry cannibals
(2) Would not have touch'd, would not have
stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrcania*.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

G 2

And

But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt ere long taste it.

Casir. But one day,
And then let me expire.

(2) *Would not, &c.*] The first folios and the old quarto read this passage as it is here printed; the second folio reads,

—Wou'd not have touch'd,
Wou'd not have stain'd the roses just with blood.

Which

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, "alas, it was, a piteous deed!"

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
* As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

The MORNING.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
(3) How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

SCENE

Which Mr. *Theebald*, for the sake of an alteration of his own,
prefers to this, for which we have so good authority. He reads,

Wou'd not have stan'd the rose* juic'd with blood;
Sir *T. Hanmer*, not pleased with this criticism, tries another cast,
and gives us

The roses just in bud.

* *As, &c.*] The poets abound with numberless similes of this kind; particularly *Homer* and *Virgil*: but none perhaps is finer than the following from that book, where every page abounds with beauties, and true sublimity. *Isaiah* xxxi. 4. "Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey; when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them."

(3) *How, &c.*] There is something very peculiar in this passage, "The prime of youth and like a younker, seeming nearly the same thing; but it is extremely beautiful, the author personifies the prime of youth, and describes him as an alogoi-

cal

SCENE VI. *The Morning's Dawn!*

(4) This battle fares like to the morning's war;
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

* O God! methinks, it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;

G 3

To

tal person, trimm'd like a *yonker*, which with us signifies a brisk, lively young man; but more properly perhaps from its original, a *noblesman*, or young lord. See *Skinner*. The plain manner of understanding it is difficult, and the construction very involv'd; however it seems no more than this, "how well resembles it, a *yonker* trimm'd out in the prime of youth prancing to his love."

(4) *This, &c.*] The expression of blowing his nails, is peculiarly natural and beautiful; the reader may remember that *Shakespeare* uses it in the pretty song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail.

* O God, &c.] There is something very pleasing and natural in this passage; it is a good deal in the manner of *Virgil*, who speaks highly of a rural life in his second *Georgic*, which the reader will be much delighted with, if he compares it with our author, and no less with *Horace's* second *Epoche* expressly on this subject! these are in almost every body's hands; less known are the following lines from *Seneca's Hercules Oetaeus* on the subject, and perhaps they may therefore be more agreeable:

Stretch'd on the turf in Sylvan shades,
No fear the peasant's rest invades,
While gilded roofs, and beds of state,
Perplex the slumbers of the great.

Scenre

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full compleat,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live :
 When this is known, then to divide the time ;
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours, must I sport myself ;
 So many days, my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean ;
 So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece ;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Oh ! what a life were this ! how sweet ! how
 lovely !

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 (5) Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects treachery ?

O, yes.

Secure he rear'd the beachen bowl,
 With steady hand and fearless soul :
 Pleas'd with his plain and homely meats,
 No swords surround him as he eats.

His modest wife of virtue try'd
 Knows not th' expensive arts of pride ;
 Her easy wish, the home-spun-fleece
 Plain in its native hue can please,
 And happy in her nuptial bed,
 No jealous doubts disturb her head ;
 Unlike the dame whose day of birth
 Is solemaiz'd thro' half the earth.

WARD.

(5) *Than, &c.*] The miseries of royalty (as have been before observed, in *Henry IV. A. 4. S. 10. n. 8.*) is a very general topic with

O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds

with the poets ; on which, as indeed on most others, they must yield the superiority to *Shakespear*; Monsieur *Racine* in his celebrated tragedy of *Esphèbre*, speaks thus on the subject.

A prince encompass'd with a busy crowd
Is ever call'd away by some new object,
The present strikes, futurity disturbs,
But swift as lightning still the past escapes ;
Of all who hourly court our royal favour,
And wou'd commend their loyalty and zeal,
Not one is found so just and truly faithful
To give us notice of neglected merit,
But all with one consent promote our vengeance.

In another part of this performance, the author sets in contrast the pleasures and pains of vicious greatness ; thus the wicked man's alluring pomp is described,

His days appear a constant scene of joy ;
Gold glitters in his precious robes,
His pride's as boundless as his wealth ;
He never wounds the air with mournful sighs ;
The voice of harmony salutes his ear,
When he lies down to sleep, and when he wakes ;
Triumphant plenty with a cheerful grace,
Basks in his eyes, and sparkles in his face.

Again,

To crown his tow'ring and ambitious hopes,
A laughing train of children at his boards
Seem to quaff joy with him in copious bowls.

Now see the reverse.

With plenty crown'd, his conscious heart repines,
And gall is mingled with his sweetest wines.
On the rough waves of passions toss'd,
He still unnumber'd pleasures tries :
But finds his expectations crost,
And happiness his fond embraces flies.
For virtue is the only base
Of happiness and lasting peace.

The reader with me, is indebted to my worthy friend Mr. *Dawcumb* for the translation of these passages from the *French*, who hath finished the whole of this tragedy, and some years since published a translation of our author's other most famous performance, *Abhaliab*.

His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When cares mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

M O B.

(6) Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust ;
 Such is the lightness of you common men.

S C E N E III. *A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.*

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty,
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 And chides the sea that funders him from thence,
 Saying, he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

(7) Why, love forswore me in my mother's
 womb ;
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

(6) *Last, &c.*] This simile perfectly well represents the inconstancy of a mob.

(7) *Why, &c.*] See the beginning of *Richard the third.*

She

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back ;
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part :
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?

Gloucester's Dissimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears ;
And frame my face to all occasions :
I'll drown more sailors than the Mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator, as well as *Nesbor* ;
Deceive more slyly, than *Ulysses* could ;
And, like a *Simon*, take another *Troy* :
I can add colours even to the camelion ;
Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages ;
(8) And set th' aspiring *Catiline* to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?

(8) *And set, &c.*] I am of Mr. *Warburton*'s opinion, this reading which is of the old *quarto*, is greatly preferable to that commonly received ; not only because we thereby avoid an anachronism, but because *Richard*, perhaps, may be more aptly compared to *Catiline*, and because he instances, all through the speech, from the antients. The other reading is,

And set the murd'rous *Machiavel* to school.

ACT IV. SCENE IX.

Henry VI. *On his own Lenity.*

I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds ;
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs ;
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much opprest them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

ACT V. SCENE III.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh ? Come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *York* or *Warwick* ?
Why ask I that ? My mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

(9) Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle ;
Under

(9) *Thus yields*, &c.] For this grand and noble simile, *Shakespear* is plainly indebted there, where for the first time through this work, I am obliged, and gladly, to acknowledge him outdone. 'Tis from the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezechiel*, ver. 3. "Behold the *Affyrian* was a cedar in *Lebanon* with fair branches, and with a shadowing shoud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. 4. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field.

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;
Whose top-branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading
tree ;
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes that now are dim'd with death's black
veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres :
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?
Lo ! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
(10) My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n

field. 5. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. 6. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. 7. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches : for his root was by great waters. 8. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him : the fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut-trees were not like his branches ; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty, &c. 12. And strangers, the terrible of the nations have cut him off, and have left him : upon the mountains, and in all the valleys his branches are fallen, and his boughs are broken by all the rivers of the land, and all the people of the earth are gone down from his shadow, and have left him. 13. Upon his ruin shall all the fowls of the heaven remain, and all the beasts of the field shall be upon his branches, &c. See the chapter.

The scriptures, and more especially the prophets, abound with many similar passages, sublime and exalted as this, which it would be needless to produce here.

(10) *My parks, &c.*] "I won't venture to affirm, says Mr. Theobald, our author is imitating Horace here : but surely this passage is very much of a cast with that which I am about to quote."

*Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens
Uxor : neque barum quas colis, arborum
Te preter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*

B. 2. ode 14.
Thy

Ev'n now forsake me ; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

*Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of
Tewksbury.*

Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, what I shou'd
say,
My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye ;
Therefore no more but this : *Henry* your sovereign
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
And yonder is the Wolf that makes this spoil ;
You fight in justice ; then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

SCENE VII. *Omens on the birth of Richard III.*

(11) The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune ;

Thy spacious fields, thy splendid house,
Thy pleasing wife must thou forego,,
Nor of those trees, thy hands have rais'd,
Except the baneful cypress boughs,
Shall one attend their short-liv'd lord below.

Dryden has beautifully copied the last line in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he makes the desponding hero, throwing himself on the ground, thus lament,

Lie there, the shadow of an empero',
The place thou pressit on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now. —

A. 1.

(11) *The owl, &c.*] See an account of the prodigies on the birth of *Glendower*.

Dogs

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;

The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested, deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy mouth when thou wast
born,

To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs or-
ward.



The Life of HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE II.

A N G E R.

TO climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self mettle tires him.

SCENE IV. *Action to be carried on with Resolution.*

If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing: let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear,
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ~~new~~ nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd: but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear,
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here, where we fit; or fit
State-statues only.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *New Customs.*

—New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

—May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness, and he fill up one monument !

Dependents not to be too much trusted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Beware you be not loose ; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.

SCENE III. *A good Wife.*

—A losf of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her that loves him with that excellency,

H 2

That

'That angels love good men with ; even of her,
'That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

SCENE V. *The Blessing of a low Station.*

(1) —— 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

SCENE VI. *Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.*

(2) —— Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you ? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heav'n witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will, conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance ; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd : when was the hour,

(1) See a similar passage foregoing. Horace thus advises in his 10th epistle, L. 1.

— *Fuge magna, &c.*

Forsake the gaudy tinsel of the great ;
The peaceful cottage beckons a retreat :
Where true content a solid comfort brings
To kings unknown, or favourites of kings.

(2) *Alas, Sir, &c.*] The reader will find in the 2d scene of the 3d act of the *Winter's Tale*, a speech, made by the queen, on being accused by her husband, very similar to this : 'Tis spoken in court, where the innocent *Hermione* appear'd, and was condemned by her jealous husband.

I ever

I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy. What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, give notice,
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And proces of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up,
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

— You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride:
You have by fortune, and his highness's favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mount-
ed,
Where pow'r's are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.

SCENE VII. King Henry's *Character of Queen Catharine.*

That man i'th' world who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wise-like government
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
 The queen of earthly queens

A C T III. S C E N E I.

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one ?
 A woman (I dare say, without vain glory)
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?
 Have I with all my full affections,
 Still met the king ? lov'd him, next heav'n, obey'd
 him
 Been out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour ; a great patience.

Queen

Queen Catharine compared to a Lilly.

(3)——Like the Lilly,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it : but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

SCENE III. Horror, its outward Effects.

——Some strange commotion
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; strait,
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again ;
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

Firm Allegiance.

——Though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appears in forms as horrid ; yet my duty,

(3) *Like the Lilly, &c.*] So Spencer calls

The lilly, lady of the flow'ring field.

Faerie Queene, B. 2. c. 6. l. 16.

(4) *As*

(4) As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

SCENE IV. *Anger, its external Effects.*

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd
it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. (5) So looks the chafed
lion

Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

(4) *As doth, &c.*] This simile is used both by *Virgil* and *Homer*.

He, like a rock amidst the seas unmov'd,
Stands opposite resisting; like a rock
Amidst the sea: which while the roaring tide
Encroaches, with its weight itself sustains
Among the noisy waves: in vain the cliffs
Foaming rebellow loud: and all around
The broken sea-weed dashes on its sides. —

See *Trap, &c.* 7.

And again;

He like a rock, which o'er the ocean wide,
Hangs prominent, expos'd to wind and waves
And all the rage of sea and sky endures:

Stands fix'd unmov'd —

See *Id. &c.* 10.

(5) *So looks, &c.*]

So when on sultry *Libya's* desert sand,
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand:
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile, till all his fury rise:
His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides,
And high upon his neck, his mane with horror rides:
Then, if at length the flying dart infest,
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scouring the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hostile *Moor*.

Rowe's Lucre, B. 1.

Falling

Falling Greatness.

—Nay, then farewell !

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

SCENE VI. *The Vicissitudes of Life.*

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness ;
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, (6) nips his root ;
And then he falls as I do ; I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on prince's favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

(6) *Nips his root.*] It is plain the poet speaks of the destruction of the tree by the frost nipping and killing the root, not the leaves and blossoms : so that Mr. Warburton's criticism is unnecessary. See *Love's Labour Lost*.

That

That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or woman have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Crom-
well;

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard; say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck, to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy master miss'd it,
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
(7) Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
(8) Love thyself last: cherish those hearts, that
hate thee:

Cor-

(7) *Cromwell, &c.*] In the second part of *Henry VI.* A. 1. S. 4.
the duke of *Gloster* lays to his wife,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts,

(8) *Love, &c.*] The whole meaning of this advice seems to
be this: “ Pay less regard to your own interest than to that of
your friends; love them first, yourself last, nay, even after your
enemies; for it is necessary for you to cherish those that hate
you, to heap favours on them, and thereby make 'em your
friends; for even corruption and bribery itself wins not more
than honesty and open-dealing.” There seems a peculiar excel-

lence

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongue. (9) Be just, and fear
not.

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pry'thee, lead me in ——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all

lence in this advice of *Wolfey*, whose pride had occasioned him to despise his enemies, and contemn all their feeble efforts, as he judg'd, to harm him: and instead of loving *himself* last, he had placed there his *first* and sole affection. So that Mr. *Warburton*'s criticism falls to the ground, who, observing, "that this, tho' an admirable precept for our conduct in private life, was never design'd for the magistrate or public minister, gives his opinion the poet wrote;

Cherish those hearts that wait thee.

Sir *T. Hanmer* flattens the line by reading it,

Cherish ev'n the hearts that hate thee.

This passage appears with double propriety, when we consider, it comes from the mouth of a divine, who may be supposed to have had this verse of St. *Matthew* in view. *Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.* Chap. v. ver. 44.

(9) *Be just, &c.*] The power and blessing of a good heart and conscience, are mentioned in the 43d page foregoing. *Milton*, in his *Comus*, speaks thus excellently of a virtuous man.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' center and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.—

I dare

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to my enemies.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

APPLAUSE.

—Such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
 Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams,
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say, this is my wife here, all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

SCENE II. *Cardinal Wolsey's Death.*

At last with easy roads he came to Leicester;
 Lodg'd in the abby; where the rev'rend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words, "O father abbot,
 " An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 " Is come to lay his weary bones among you,
 " Give him a little earth for charity!"
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness

Pursu'd

V

Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him ;
And yet with charity ; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; (11) one, that by suggesti-
on

(11) *One that, &c.*] Mr. Warburton explains this passage thus, “One that by giving the king pernicious counsel, *ty'd* or *en-flav'd* the kingdom.” And he observes, that Shakespear uses the word *suggestion*, with a great propriety and seeming knowledge of the *Latin* tongue. For the late *Roman* writers and their glosses agree to give this sense to it; *Suggerio est cum magistratus qui libet principi salubre consilium juggerit*. A suggestion, is, when a magistrate gives a prince wholsome council. “So that nothing could be severer than this reflection, that that wholesome council, which it is the minister’s duty to give his prince, was so im- poisoned by him, as to produce slavery to his country.” The commentator here (with great shew of reason) seems to strike out a meaning his author most probably never meant; if the reading be just, the passage is plain and easie, should we take *sug- gession* in its vulgar acceptation: but it seems very exceptionable, nor can I be satisfied with *ty'd*, especially when I consider the words immediately following; indeed, it may be said, she is particularizing his vices without any connection: The *Oxford* editor reads *tyb'd*, which is too forc'd, and unwarrantable: *Wolsey* certainly had great sway in the kingdom by means of the high credit he was in with the king, but he could not be said properly, I think, by *suggestion*, by underhand dealings, or by pernicious counsel (which you will,) to *tye* the kingdom, properly; the word is printed very imperfectly in the old editions; perhaps it was *sway'd*; but I pretend not to say any thing certain; the judicious reader will soon see whether the explication given satisfies him.

Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
 His own opinion was his law. I' th' presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 But where he went to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was mighty;
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,

(12) Mens evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. * * * *

* * * * * This cardinal,
 Tho' from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour, from his cradle;
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise; fair spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not:
 But to those men that fought him, sweet as sum-
 mer.

And though he was unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

(12) *Mens, &c.*] Beaumont and Fletcher borrowed this senti-
 ment from Shakespear in their *Philaster*. Act 5.

—All your better deeds
 Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.

And

And found the blessedness of being little ;
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Malicious Men.

(13) —— Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. ——

A Church-Man.

— — — Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again ;
Cast none away.

IN HUMANITY.

(14) —— 'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

I 2

SCENE

(13) *Men, &c.*] In *Pastor Fido*, there is a fine sentiment not
unlike this. Act 5. Sc. 1.

Who now can boast of earth's felicity,
When envy treads on virtue's heel ? S. R. Fanshaw.

(14) *'Tis, &c.*] The poet, in the former part of the play,
gives us the same humane and tender sentiment.

— — — O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue. Act. 3. S. 6.
Nothing

SCENE VIII. *Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.*

— — — Let me speak, Sir;

(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
 Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
 'This royal infant, (heav'n still move about her)
 'Tho' in a cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
 her:

Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless
 her:

Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
 with her.

Nothing can afford us a better idea of the author's excellent mind; and we are assured, from the account we have of his character, he was remarkable for his humanity, benevolence, and many virtues.

Look how the father's face, (says Ben Jonson)
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakespear's mind and manners brightly shines,
 In his well-turned, and true filed lines,

(15) In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by those their goodness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(16) (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of
darkness)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

(15) *In, &c.*] The poet's excellence in so beautifully keeping up the propriety of his characters, can never be sufficiently admired ; no expressions could have so well become the mouth of an archbishop as scripture ones ; and we may observe, what graces this elegant compliment to his *princess* gains from thence ; the blessings of *Solomon's* reign are set forth in the first of *Kings*, Ch. iv. where particularly 'tis said, " Every man dwelt safely under his vine ;" and so in the prophet *Micah*, " They shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree ; and none shall make them afraid ; for all people will walk every one in the name of his God, &c. See Ch. iv. Ver. 4.

(16) *This cloud of darkness.*] *Milton* in his *Comus*, at the beginning, thus speaks in contempt of the earth :

Above the smoak and stir of this *dim spot*,
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this *pinfold* here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flour-
ish,

And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him ; Children's children
Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

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The Life and Death of King John.*

ACT I. SCENE III.

New Titles.

GO O D-den, Sir Richard—God a mercy, fellow,
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
For new made honour doth forget men's names :
"Tis too respective and unsociable
For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mets :
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then, I fuck my teeth, and catechise

* *King John*] The style all thro' this excellent play is grand and equal, and it abounds with a great variety of fine topics and affecting passages : Shakespear seems to have had a particular respect for *Faulconbridge*, whose character is well maintained, as is that of the king, than whom none could have been a more proper person for tragedy ; I know not by what singular good fortune too it has happened, that the text is remarkably correct, and free from that multitude of mistakes, wherewith most of our author's works so unhappily abound.

(1) My

(1) My piked man of countries ;—my dear Sir,
 (Thus leaning on my elbow, I begin)
 I shall beseech you—that is question now ;
 And then comes answer-like an A B C book :
 O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your service, Sir ;—
 No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours,
 And so e'er answer knows what question wou'd,
 Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po ;
 It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself :
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Description of England.

(2) That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And

(1) *My piked.*] Mr. Pope explains this by “*a Man formally bearded.*” The old copies, (says *Theobald*) give it us *picked*, by a slight corruption in the spelling ; but the author certainly design'd *pigned* (from the French verb, *je pique*) i. e. touchy, tart, apprehensive, upon his guard.” A sense, (that perhaps may seem ridiculous to some readers, and which I by no means advance as true) strikes me on reading the passage “*Richard* says, the traveller and his *tooth-pick* shall be both at his table, and for my own part, he goes on, when I have sufficed my knightly stomach, then I shall sit at my ease *picking* my teeth, and catechising my *picked man of countries*, i. e. my traveller who has already picked his teeth, and does not take the liberty which I do, to loll on his elbow and pick his teeth, being subservient to my commands, and waiting for my catechising him.” In this sense *picked* is right in the old copies.

(2) *That, &c.*] *Shak. spear*, like a true lover of his country, has never omitted any opportunity to celebrate it or his country-men,

And coops from other lands her islanders ;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Ev'n till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen ;
An Ate stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece the lady Blanch of Spain ;
(3) With them a bastard of the king deceas'd ;

And

men, the reader will find, besides the passages in the present play, one in *Richard II.* A. 2. S. 1. and *Cymbeline*, A. 3. S. 1. Spenser too forgot not to pay due honours to his country in his *Fairie Queene*, but has given us one whole canto, which he entitles.

A chronicle of *Briton* kings
From *Brute* to *Uthers* raigne :
And rolls of *Elfin* emperors
Till time of *Gloriane*.

B. 2. C. 10.

Neither has *Milton* omitted to mention his country ; in his admirable mask of *Comus*, he calls it

—An isle
The greatest and the best of all the main ;
And his countrymen, An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

(3) *With them, &c.*] There is a slight error in the pointing here, which I rather take notice of, as it runs thro' all the editions, and seems to have given the editors a wrong sense of the passage ; 'tis said the king is come with the mother queen,

With her, her niece the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*,
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd,
And all the unsettled humours of the land :
Rash, inconsiderate, &c.

I think

And all th' unsettled humours of the land,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With lady's faces, and fierce dragons spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.

COURAGE.

By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion.

SCENE II. *A Boaster.*

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?

SCENE IV. *Description of Victory, by the French.*

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
 And let young Arthur duke of Bretagne in:

I think there is no doubt, the semicolon should be after the bastard of the king deceas'd; then he adds, and all the unsettled humours of the land, rash, &c. have sold, &c." Scathe in the last line but two, signifies damage, hurt, mischief, derived from a Saxon word: Skinner says, it is yet used in *Lincolshire*, which it might have been in his time, and probably may be now, tho' I don't recollect ever to have heard it.

Who

Who by the hand of France this day hath made,
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
And many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
While victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot, malicious day :
Their armours that march'd hence, so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in Frenchmens blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France.
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
And lusty English, all with purple hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

SCENE V. A compleat Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where thou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If love, ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?

SCENE

SCENE VI. *On Commodity, or Self-Interest.*

—Rourded in the ear

With that same purpose changer, that fly devil,
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that ;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
 Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
 The world, which of itſelf is poifed well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing biaſs,
 This fway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purſole, course, intent,
 And this same biaſs, &c.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am ſick and capable of fears :
 Oppreſſ'd with wrongs, and therefore full of tears ;
 A widow, hufbandleſs, ſubject to fears ;
 A woman, naturally born to fears :
 And tho' thou now confeſſ thou didſt but jeſt,
 With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all the day.

Tokens

Tokens of Grief.

* What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds ?
Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

(4) If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim
Ugly, and fland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full

* *What, Sec.*] So *Seneca* in his *Oedipus*, says,

Effari dubitas? cur genas mutat color?
Quid verba queris?

And in his *Agamemnon*,

*Quid tacita versar,
Licit ipsa filear, totus in vultu dolor est.*

Why dost thou fear to speak ? Why on thy cheeke ?
Does thus thy colour come and go ? And wherefore
Art thou thus at a los to speak thy purpose ?

Again,

What secret sorrows roll within thy breast,
Thus silent ?---- All thy looks bespeak affliction.

(4) *If thou, Sec.*] So in the *Unnatural Combat* of *Maffinger*, the
father, who was struggling with the violent and shocking p^{re}-
sion he had conceived for his daughter, observes,

—————If thou had'st been born
Deform'd and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,

Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks ;
 I would not care, I then would be content :
 For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy !
 (5) Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose.

G R I E F.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes the owner stout.

SCENE

Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, dim-ey'd and beetle-brow'd,
 With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist :
 Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,
 Splay-footed, gouty-legg'd, and over all
 A loathsome leprosy had spread itself,
 And made thee shun'd of human fellowship,
 I had been blest —
 Rather than as now,
 (Tho' I had drown'd thee for it in the sea)
 Appearing as thou dost a new *Pandora*,
 With Juno's fair cow-eyes, *Minerva's* brow,
Aurora's blushing cheeks, *Hebe's* fresh youth,
Venus' soft paps, and *Tbetis* silver feet. Act 4. S. 1.

The last lines of *Massingber* are an immediate translation from a pretty Greek epigram, the author of which compares his mistress's eyes to Juno's, her paps to *Venus'*, &c.

Ομοιατ' εγεις Ήπης, Μελίτη, τας χειρας Αθηνης,
 Τας μαλινας Παρηνης, τα σφυρα της Θεριδος, &c.

(5) Nature, &c.] In the *Philocetes* of *Sophocles*, it is said,
 Αλλ' ευγενης γαρ η σπουδη, κατ' ξειρασιν
 Ω τεκνον, η ση —

Noble thy nature, as thy birth, my son.

(6) 8

SCENE II. Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges, O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
Thou fortune's champion, that durst never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
And footh'd up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp and swear,
Upon my party ; thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calve's skin on those recreant limbs.

SCENE V. *The Horrors of a Conspiracy.*

(6) I had a thing to say,——but, let it go :
The fun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,

At

(6) *I had, &c.*] The reader cannot but be struck with the peculiar excellencies of this speech : we see into the very workings of king *John*'s troubled soul, while he is wishing yet afraid to disclose his bloody purpose to *Hubert*; and how finely does the author describe the situation the mind should be in to hear and embrace such a proposal, the place fittest to disclose it in, the time most suitable to pour it into the bosom of the hearer. See *Julius Cesar*, p. 97. *Shakespear*, when he would express the most dreadful time of night, always speaks of the hours of

Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience. If the midnight-bell,
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard, where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit melancholy
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot laughter keep mens eyes,

twelve or *one*; for that, in the vulgar opinion, was the peculiar
 time of ghosts and spirits. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he says,

The iron tongue of midnight hath told *twelve*.

And the ghost in *Hamlet* just then stalks forth, when *Bernardo*
 giving an account of it comes to

The bell then beating *one*.

A most beautiful break, and finely imagin'd.

The king, in *Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King*, is
 alike troubled and fearful to disclose his intentions. *Mardonius*
 says of him,

—He has follow'd me
 Thro' twenty rooms, and ever when I stay
 To wait's command, he blushes like a girl,
 And looks upon me as if modesty
 Kept in his busines: so turns away from me:
 But if I go on, he follows me again.

And the *King* says of himself,

I cannot utter it; why should I keep
 A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
 Darkness is in my bosom, and there lie
 A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light:
 How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
 Conscience that art afraid to let me name it?

Act 3.

And



And strain their cheeks to idle merriment ;
(A passion hateful to my purposes)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone
Without eyes, ears, and harmful soul of words ;
Then in despight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;
But ah, I will not. —

SCENE VI. *A Mother's Ravings!*

I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost,
I am not mad : I would to heav'n I were !
For then 'tis like, I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd Cardinal,
For being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason.
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel,
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

— Oh ! amiable, lovely death,
Thou odiferous stench, sound rotteness,
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself ;
 Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
 And kill thee as thy wife ; misery's love,
 O come to me !

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n ;
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.
 For since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chace the native beauty from his cheek ;
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,
 I shall not know him ; therefore, never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Conf. He talks to me, that never had a son.—

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Conf. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gacious parts ;
 Stuffs out his vacant graments with his form ;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SCENE VII. *Despondency.*

There's nothing in this world can make me joy ;
(7) Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all shew evil.

Danger lays bold of any Support.

He that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

A C T IV. SCENE I.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I ;
Yet I remember when I was in France,

(7) *Life, &c.*] So in another part of the play, he says,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome.

I bring this passage chiefly that the reader may more carefully
dwell on the inimitable beauties of that in the text.

Young

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

* * * * *

Have you the heart? when your head did but
ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you, and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine
eyes?

These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you.—

* * * * *

Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound,
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to;
Is there no remedy?

Hub.

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heav'n ! that there were but a moth in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous
there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

SCENE II To add to Perfection, superfluous, and suspicious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rain-bow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured :
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes found opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man shou'd do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling

Struggling Conscience.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent ;
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

SCENE IV. *News-Tellers on the Death of Arthur.*

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
 Do prophecy upon it dangerously :
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths ;
 And, when they talk of him, they shake their
 heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear,
 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action ;
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
 eyes,
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 'The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news,
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had fallely thrust upon contrary feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent.
 Another lean, unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings evil Purposes too servilely and basily executed.

(8) It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know a meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ? For had'st not thou been by,
A fellow, by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,

(8) *It is, &c.*] So the king, in *A King and no King*, observes,

If there were no such instruments as thou,
We kings could never act such wicked deeds ;
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature's too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law, and good,
And live with him ; for him thou can'st not spoil.

And a little before, he speaks of *Bessus*, as the most horrid object,
after consenting to his wicked proposal.

But thou appear'st to me after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed detestable thing,
That I have met with : thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which methinks do dart
Infection on me ; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there does stand
Four rows of iron teeth. ——————

Act 3, the end.

When

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
 off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
 me.

SCENE VI. *HYPOCRISY.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villainy is not without such rheum ;
 And he long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

SCENE VII. *DESPAIR.*

(9) If thou did'st but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
 That ever spider twisted from her womb,
 Will strangle thee : a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on : or wouldest thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.

ACT V. SCENE II.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.

(9) *If thou, &c.*] So in the *Winter's tale*. *Paulina* tells the king his crime is so great, it can never be forgotten, and nothing remains for him but to despair.

My

V

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation :
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shov'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n,
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart, heave away this storm,
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd ;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

SCENE IV. DRUMS.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest. * * * * *

* * * * * Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

SCENE IX. *The Approach of Death.*

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain,
(Which, some suppose, the soul's frail dwelling-
house,) Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Madness, occasioned by Poison.

(10) Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There

(10) *Ay, marry, &c.*] In the *Valentinian* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the emperor is brought on the stage, poisoned.—
There he calls out for

Drink, drink, drink, colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains: oh my heart-strings;
Danubius
I'll have brought through my body:
And *alga*, on whose face the north-wind freezes.
I am an hundred hells, an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming,
Shall I not drink?
Like *Nero*,
But far more terrible and full of slaughter,
I' th' midst of all my fire, I'll fire the empire:
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me:
Invite the gentle winds, *Endexia*.
More drink,
A thousand *April* showers fall in my bosom;
How dare ye let me be tormented thus? &c.

See Act 5. S. 2.

But in another play of theirs—*A wife for a month*, is a poisoning scene, which better deserves to be compar'd with this of our author, and which Mr. Seward observes, “every reader of taste will acknowledge superior to it.” *Alphonso*, long a prey to melancholy, is poisoned with a hot, burning potion, and in the midst of his tortures, raves thus.

Give me more air, more air, air: blow, blow, blow,
Open thou eastern gate, and blow upon me:
Distill thy cold dews, O thou icy moon,
And rivers run through my afflicted spirit.
I am all fire, fire, fire: the raging dog-star
Reigns in my blood: oh which way shall I turn me?
Etna and all her flames, burn in my head;
Fling me into the ocean or I perish:
Did, dig, dig, dig, until the springs fly up;

The

The Life and Death of King John.

XXX

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, cast off;

The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into them,
And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their *purling pleasures*.
Or shoot me into the higher region,
Where treasure of delicious snow are nourish'd,
And banquets of sweet hail.

Rug. Hold him fast, fryar,
Oh, how he burns!

Alph. What! will you sacrifice me?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense:
And as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame: stand off me, or you're ashes.

Mart. To bed, good Sir.

Alph. My bed will burn about me:
Like *Phaeton*, in all consuming flashes
Am I inclo'd: let me fly, give me room;
'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lions,
Lies my safe way; O for a cake of ice now
To clap unto my heart to comfort me.
Decrepid winter, hang upon my shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen icicles,
Like jewels round about my head to cool me.
My eyes burn out and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain, like brimstone boils;
I live in hell, and several furies vex me.
O, carry me where never sun e'er shew'd yet.
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolved, where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts and winds,
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver;
Set me there, friends——

The line——

'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lions,'
Was read, (before corrected by Mr. Seward.)

Betwixt the cold bear and the raging lion.

L 2

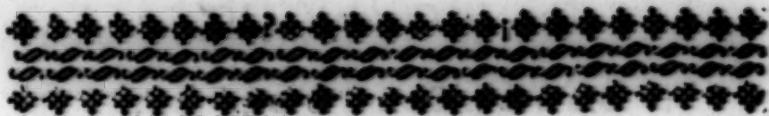
And

And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom : nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

SCENE X. England, *invincible, if unanimous.*

England never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms ;
And we shall shock them.—Nought shall make
us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Julius



Julius Cæsar.

ACT I. SCENE III.

PATRIOTISM.

(1) **W**HAT is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be aught towards the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love.
The name of honour more than I fear death.

(1) *What, &c.*] "How agreeable to his stoic character, does Shakespear make Brutus speak here? *Cicero de fin.* iii. 16. *Quid enim illi ΑΔΙΑΦΟΡΟΝ dicunt, id mibi ita occurrit, ut indifferens dicaram.* One of the great division of things among the stoics was into *good, bad, indifferent*: virtue, and whatever partook of virtue, was *good*: vice, *bad*: but what partook of neither virtue, nor vice, being not in our power, was *indifferent*: such as honour, wealth, death, &c. But of these indifferent things, some might be esteemed more than others; as here Brutus says, *I love the name of honour, more than I fear death.* See *Cicero de fin.* iii. 15. 16. The stoics never destroyed choice among indifferent things. — This being premised, let us see Brutus's speech — "It be aught (says he) towards the general good, (*προς τον καλον προς την πολην*) as I am a part of that whole, a citizen of that city: my principles lead me to pursue it: this is my end, my good: whatever comes in competition with the general good, will weigh nothing: death and honour are to me things of an *indifferent* nature: but however I freely acknowledge, that of these indifferent things, honour has my greatest esteem, my choice and love: the very name of honour I love, more than I fear death." *Upton's Observations on Shakespear*, p. 314.

Cassius, in *Contempt of Cæsar.*

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

(2) For once upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, " dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point ?" — Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bid him follow ; so indeed, he did,
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, " help me, Cassius, or I sink."

(2) *For once, &c.*] It is too well known that swimming was a usual exercise with the hardy noble *Romans*, to insist upon it here : *Horace* makes it a mark of effeminacy to neglect it : and complains to *Lydia*, that she had enervated *Sybaris*, by making him afraid even to touch the yellow Tyber's stream —

Cur timet flavum Tyberim tangere ?

See ode 8. l. 1.

Julius Cæsar was remarkable for his excellence in swimming : *Beaumont and Fletcher*, in their *Faſſe ome*, thus nobly describe one of the most illustrious incidents of his life —

But got near the ſea
 In which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
 Holding a ſcroll he had, above the waves,
 And in the other grasping fast his ſword,
 As it had been a trident forg'd by *Vulcan*
 To calm the raging ocean ; he made away
 As if he had been *Neptune* : his friends, like
 So many *Tritons* follow'd : their bold shouts
 Yielding a chearful music ; we shower'd darts
 Upon 'em, but in vain : they reach'd their ſhips,
 And in their ſafety we are funk : for *Cæſar*
 Prepares for war.

See the latter end of Act 5.
 I, as

I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a God ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this God did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,
Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cry'd—" give me some drink, Titinius—
As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
(3) So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

[*Sheut. flouris.*]

(3) *So get, &c.*] Mr. Warburton tells us, "the image is extremely noble : it is taken from the Olympic games." Tho' that does not appear so certain or necessary, since the allusion to any public games will do full as well ; yet what he says afterwards is more to the purpose : " The *majestic world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman* empire : their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion, *Orbis Romanus*." But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of *Cæsar's* great pattern, *Alexander*, who being asked whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, " yes, if the racers were kings." For this allusion also, there does not seem the least hint in the passage ; rather the contrary : *Cassius* wonders how such a *feeble man* should so get the start of all the *Romans*, the *majestic world*, as to bear the palm alone ? How he, feebler than the rest, should in the course out-strip 'em all, and carry off the prize ?

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cæs. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some times are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars.

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be founded more than yours ?
Write them together ; yours is as fair a name :
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, and talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?

SCENE IV. Cæsar's *Dishlike of Cassius.*

Would he were fatter ; but I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer ; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He love no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; (4) he hears no music :
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.

SCENE VII. *Spirit of Liberty.*

I know, where I will wear this dagger, then :
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most
 strong ;
 Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat :
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten bras,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this ; know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

• (4) *He hears, &c.*] Mr. Theobald observes well here : " This is not a trivial observation, nor does our poet mean barely by it, that *Cassius* was not a merry, sprightly man, but that he had not a due temperament of harmony in his composition : and that, therefore, natures so uncorrected, are dangerous." He hath finely dilated on this sentiment, in his *Merchant of Venice*.

The man that hath no music, &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ambition, covered with specious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy, dreadful till executed.

(5) Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like

(5) *Between, &c.*] Mr. Addison has paraphrased this inimitable passage, in his *Cato*, which always serves to remind me of that excellent distinction, made by Mr. Gutbrie, in his *Essay on Tragedy*, betwixt a poet and a genius :

O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death. *Cato.*

Either Mr. *Theobald* or Mr. *Warburton* (which who can pronounce, since the one prints the same words in his preface, which the other uses as his own in his notes ? See *Theobald's* preface, vol. 1. p. 25. and *Warburton* on the passage) either the one or the other of them had observed, " that nice critic, *Dionysius*, of *Halicarnassus*, confesses, that he could not find those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, any where so frequent as in *Homer*. I believe the success would be the same, likewise, if we sought for them in any other of our authors, besides our *British Homer*, *Shakespear*. This description of the condition of conspirators has a pomp and terror in it, that perfectly astonishes ; our excellent Mr. *Addison*, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose exquisite judgment always

leg

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

led him to the safest guides, has paraphrased this fine description : but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces, which he could not hinder from evaporating in the transfusion. We may observe two things on his imitation : first, that the subjects of these two conspiracies being so very different, (the fortune of *Cæsar* and the *Roman* empire being concerned in the first, and that of only a few auxiliary troops in the other) Mr. *Addison* could not with that propriety bring in that magnificent circumstance, which gives the terrible grace to *Shakespear's* description :

The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council. —

For kingdoms, in the poetical theology beside their *good*, have their *evil* geniuses likewise, represented here with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in council with the conspirators, whom he calls the *mortal instruments*. But this would have been too great an apparatus to the rape and desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. Secondly, the other thing very observable is, that Mr. *Addison* was so warm'd and affected with the fire of *Shakespear's* description, that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has, before he was aware, given us only the image of his own expressions, on the reading his great original. For

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time
 Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.

Are not the affections rais'd by such forcible images as these,

All the *interim* is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
 The state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Comparing the mind of a conspirator to an anarchy, is just and beautiful : but the *interim* to a hideous dream, has something in it so wonderfully natural, and lays the human soul so open, that one cannot but be surpriz'd, that any poet, who had not himself been some time or other engaged in a conspiracy, could ever have given such force of colouring to truth and nature.

CON-

C O N S P I R A C Y.

O conspiracy !

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, con-
spiracy,

Hide it in smiles and affability :
For if thou (6) path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Against Cruelty.

Gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

S L E E P.

† Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

(6) *Path,* i. e. walk ; he makes a verb of the substantive, which is very common with him.

† See p. 21. of this volume.

SCENE III. Portia's *Speech to Brutus.*

¶ You've ungently, Brutus,
 Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper,
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 Musing and fighing, with your arms a-cross:
 And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
 I urg'd you further: then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
 But with an angry wafture with your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometimes hath his hour with every man;
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

SCENE IV. Calphurnia to Cæsar, on *the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.*

Cæsar, I never stood on * ceremonies,
 Yet now they fright me: there is one within,

† See the 6th page of this volume.

* The reader will be agreeably entertained, if he turns to the beginning of *Hamlet*, where he will find an account of these prodigies from our author, *Virgil* and *Ovid*.

(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead,
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the capitol :
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air ;
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets,
 O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods ?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
 The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of
 princes.

Against the Fear of Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once :
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange, that men should fear :
 (7) Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

(7) *Seeing, &c.*]

The term of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it,
 The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
 Nor leave his stand until his captaine bed. *Spenser.*

D A N G E R.

Danger knows full well,
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
 (8) We are two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible.

SCENE VII. ENVY.

(9) My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Antony to the Corps of Cæsar.

O, mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils
 Shrunk to this little measure ? fare thee well.

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend ;
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's deaths hour ; nor no instrument

(8) *We are, &c.*] The old folios read *Wee heare*, which Mr. Thersbald, ingeniously enough, altered to *we were* ; and Mr. Upton to *we are*, which is not only nearer the traces of the letters, but more agreeable to the sense of the passage : for *Cæsar* speaks all through in the present tense : Danger *knows*, that *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he : *we are* two lions, twins, litter'd in one day, and *I am* the elder and more terrible.

(9) See p. 87. foregoing, and n. 13.

Of half that worth, as those your swords made
rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now whilst your fury-led hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no means of death
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of the age.

SCENE IV. *R E V E N G E.*

(10) Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

SCENE V. *Brutus's Speech to the People.*

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to

(10) *Cæsar's, &c.*] Mr. Seward observes, that in those terrible graces spoken of just now (note 5) no followers of Shakespeare approach so near him as Beaumont and Fletcher; of which he adds the lines here quoted as a strong proof:

Fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him, will shake all Egypt:
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder,
Destructions darting from their looks.

The False One, A. 2. S. 1.

There is something very great and astonishing in the following passage from *Ben Jonson*, though not very famous for such daring flights. *Catiline* says to his soldiers,

Methinks I see death, and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
For the great Spectacle. Draw then your swords, &c.

*See Catiline, Act. 5.
Cæsar*

Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer ; not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead to live all free-men ? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man ? If any, speak , for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any speak ; for him have I offended. —

SCENE VI. Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do, lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar ! noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man.
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæsar hath wept ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
 And, sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause :
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me.
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

* * * * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather chuse
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But he's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;

Yes

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will ; read it, Mark An-tony.

All. The Will ; the Will : we will hear Cæsar's Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you ;
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs ;
For if you should—O what would come of it ?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony :
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?
(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it. .

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will !
Then make a ring about the corps of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend, and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

2. *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ; I remember,
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii—
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through ;

See,

See what a rent the envious Casca made.—
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doers, to be resolv'd,
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
 Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
 This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude more strong than traitors arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
 And in (11) this mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the bale of Pompey's statue,
 (Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I and you, and all of us fell down:
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O now you weep: and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Plew.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Plew.* We will be reveng'd; revenge; about—
 seek—burn—fire—kill—slap! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
 They, that have done this deed, are honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;

(11) *This*, Upton vulg. *his*. "The action and the emphasis is highly improved by this easy change." The reader may see a severe comment on a note of Mr. Warburton's, concerning this mantle in the 14th page of the preface to Upton's observations on Shakespeare.

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well,
 That give me public leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action or utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir mens blood; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Ceremony infincere.

—Ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an enforced ceremony:
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trial.

SCENE III. *Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. (13) That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,

You

(13) *That, &c.*] I shall not use any apology for quoting this celebrated scene entire; since to have taken any particular passages,

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Caf. In such a time as this it is not meet
That (14) ev'ry nice offence should bear its com-
ment.

ges from it would have spoilt the beauty of the whole: Its excellence is so generally known, and so greatly admired, that there remains little to be said concerning it: There is a famous scene of the like kind between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, in the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of *Euripides*, which Mr. *Dryden* judges inferior to this; the reader may see what he says upon this head in his preface to *Tristus* and *Cressida*, in which he himself has introduced a similar scene: *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, charmed, I suppose, with the applause our author met with for this scene, (which we find particularly commended in some verses prefix'd to the first folio impression of his works,

Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than what thy half-sword parlying *Roxas* make)

They, I say, have endeavoured to imitate him, but with their usual success, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where "two virtuous persons, as here and in *Euripides*, raised by natural degrees to the extremity of passion, are conducted to the declination of that passion, and conclude with the warm renewing of their friendship." See the *Maid's Tragedy*, Act 3. Mr. *Gildon* in his remarks on *Shakespear's* works, at the end of his poems, has translated the quarrelling scene from *Euripides*, in which, if a good deal of the spirit has evaporated, the reader will yet in some measure be able to judge of its merits. See *Shakespear's* poems, *Ewel's* edit. p. 358.

(14) *Ev'ry nice, &c.*] This may be well understood and explained by every slight or trifling offence; but I am to imagine the author gave it,

That every offence should bear nice comment.

It was so easy for the word *nice* to have been removed from its proper place: his comment is in the folio, which shews there is something wrong; and the metre by this reading is as perfect, *say* more so, than by the other..

Bru.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undefervers.

Casf. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Casf. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What? shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Casf. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, (15) Cassius.

Casf.

(15) *You are not, Cassius.*] See Mr. Warburton's note on the place; upon which Mr. Edwards, in his *Causes of Criticism*, p. 93, observes thus, "If Mr. Warburton had not been giddy with his ideas of bravery, disinterestedness, philosophy, honour, and patriotism, which have nothing to do here, he would have seen, that *Cassius* is the vocative case, not the nominative; and that *Brutus* does not mean to say, *you are not an able soldier*; but he says, *you are not an abler than I*; a point which it was far from being beneath his character to insist on.

If the words, *you are not, Cassius*, meant a new imputation on him for degeneracy, his mere denial of it is very flat, and *Brutus* replying

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man.

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a mad man stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay more. Fret 'till your proud
heart breaks;

Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

replying to that denial, by a mere repetition of his former assertion, without adding any reason for it, is still worse: whereas, if the words mean only a denial of what *Cassius* had just said, it is natural enough for each of them to maintain his ground, by a confident assertion of the truth of his opinion. And that the superiority of soldiership was the point of their dispute, is most manifestly evident; by *Brutus'* resuming it a little lower,

You say you are a better soldier, &c.

Upon which *Cassius* answers.

You wrong me ev'ry way; you wrong me, *Brutus*,
I said an elder soldier; not a better,
Did I say better?

Cas.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say, better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempt-
ed him.

Cas. I durst not?—

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love:
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, (16) than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

(16) *Than to wring, &c.*] This inimitable passage is not only highly in character, but as Mr. Warburton has observed, is most happily expressed. “To wring implies both to get unjustly, and to use force in getting: and hard hands signify both the peasants great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold.”

Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
For Cassius is a weary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bond-man : all his faults observ'd :
Set in a note-book, learn'd and cō'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus's mine, richer than gold ;
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart ;
Strike, as thou did'st at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And strait is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caf. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Embracing

Caf. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Caf. Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour, which my mother gave me, Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

* * * * *

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Caf. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better—Porcia's dead.

Caf. Ha! Porcia!—

Bru. She is dead.

Caf. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so? O insupportable and touching los! Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence; And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death

That tidings came) (with this she fell distract, And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Caf. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Caf. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter boy with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her; give me a bowl of wine.

[Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

SCENE V. *Opportunity to be seiz'd on all Affairs.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-float :
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

ACT V. SCENE III.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began ;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
Therefore our everlasting farewel take ;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed :
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might
know
The end of this day's busines ere it come !

But

But it sufficeth, that the day will end ;
And then the end is known.

Melancholy, the Parent of Error.

Oh, hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's *Character of Brutus.*

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did, that they did, in envy of great Cæsar :
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them :
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
* And say to all the world ; " This was a man ! "

* It may perhaps be needless to inform the reader, that the duke of Buckingham, displeas'd with what the critics esteem so great a fault in this play, the death of *Julius Cæsar*, in the third act, hath made two plays of it ; but I am afraid the lovers of *Shakespear* will be apt to place that nobleman's performance on a level with the rest of those who have attempted to alter, or amend *Shakespear*.



King LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE III.

An alienated Child.

(1) **L**E T it be so, thy truth then be thy dower :
 For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me,
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous
 Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

B A S T A R D Y.

Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
 My services are bound ; (2) wherefore should I
 Stand

(1) *Let, &c.*] The reader will do well to observe, *Shakespear*, makes his characters in *king Lear* strictly conformable to the religion of their times : the not attending sufficiently to this, hath occasioned some *critics* greatly to err in their remarks on this play.

(2) *Wherefore, &c.*] The *bastard* is here complaining of the tyranny of custom, and produces two instances, to shew the plague

and

Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 (3) Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
 (4) Got 'tween asleep and wake?

SCENE

and oppression of it; the first, in the case of elder brothers; the second, of bastards. With regard to the first, we are to suppose him speaking of himself only as an objector, making the case his own, according to a common manner of arguing: "Wherefore, says he, should I (or any man) stand in [within] the plague [the punishment or scourge] of custom, why should I continue in its oppressive power, and permit the courtesy of nations to deprive me, to take away from, rob, and injure me, because, &c.

(3) *Who, &c.*] Mr. Warburton quotes a passage here, well worth remarking—"How much the lines following this are in character, says he, may be seen by that monstrous wish of *Vanini*, the *Italian atheist*, in his tract, *De admirandis naturæ regi-
nae deaque mortalium arcanis*, printed at *Paris* 1616, the very year our poet died. *O utinam extra legitimū & connubiale-
thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerim
incalissent ardenter, accumulatim effating; generis a semina con-
tulissent, & quibus ego formæ blanditiam, ac elegantiam, robust-
tas corporis vices, mentemque innubilam consequutus fuisse.* At quia conjugatorum suum joboles his orbatus sum *bniis*. Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believ'd that *Shakespear* alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as *Vanini* would say, when he wrote upon such a subject."

I have forborn giving a translation of the *Latin*, because *Shakespear's* words are a fine paraphrase of it, and because it perhaps is not proper for all ears: but if, supposing *Vanini* had wrote first, we should have imagined, *Shakespear* alluded to him; why may we not, as it is, believe *Vanini* alluded to *Shakespear*.

(4) *Got 'tween sleep and wake.*) This reading runs thro' all the editions, and is indeed very plausible: tho' it seems to me, the passage originally stood, *Got atween sleep and wake*. The a
might

SCENE VIII. *Astrology ridicul'd.*

(5) This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars ; as if we were villains on necessity, fools, by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an inforced obedience of planetary influence ; all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star ! my father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa major ; so that it follows, I am rough and

might very easily have been so transposed, and *atween* is very common with all the old writers down to, and below our author.

(5) *This, &c.*] Astrology was in much higher credit in our author's time than in *Milton's*, who, nevertheless, hath satirised it in the severest manner possible, by making it patronised even by the devil himself : for in the 4th book of his *Paradise Regain'd* : the devil thus addresses our Saviour,

— If I read aught in heaven,
Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous or single characters
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, oppositions, hate,
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death :
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom ?
Real or allegoric, I discern not,
Nor when : eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

V. 382.

Where it is to be observ'd, says Mr. *Warburton*, that the poet thought it not enough to discredit *judicial astrology*, by making it patronised by the devil, without shewing at the same time, the absurdity of it. He has therefore very judiciously made him blunder, in the expression of *portending a kingdom which was without beginning*. This destroys all he would insinuate."

let-

fletcherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

SCENE XV. *A Father cursing his Child.*

Hear, nature !
 Dear goddess, hear; and if thou dost intend
 To make that creature fruitful, change thy purpose ;
 Pronounce upon her womb the barren curse,
 That from her blasted body never spring
 A babe to honour her ; but if she must bring forth,
 Defeat her joy with some distorted birth,
 Or monstrous form, the prodigy o'th' time :
 And so perverse of spirit, that it may live
 Her torment as 'twas born, to fret her cheeks
 With constant tears, and wrinkle her young brow.
 Turn all her mother's pains to shame and scorn,
 That she may curse her crime too late, and feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child :—

Ingratitude in a Child.

(6) Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster.

(6) *Ingratitude, &c.*] Ingratitude a marble-hearted fiend is more hideous and dreadful, when shewing itself in a child, than even that sea-monster, which is the emblem itself of impiety and ingratitude : by which monster he means the *Heppotamus*, or river-horse, " which, says Sandys, in his travels, p. 105. signify'd murder, impudence, violence and injustice : for they say, that he killeth his sire, and ravishes his own dam." Mr. Upton's alteration of, *Than itb' sea-monster*, seems unnecessary : for the poet makes *ingratitude*, a *fiend*, a *monster* itself, and one more odious than even this hieroglyphical symbol of impiety. See Observations on *Shakespear*, p. 203.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Flattering Sycophanis.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty: (7) such smiling rogues
[as these,]

Like rats oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrince t'unloose; sooth ev'ry
passion,

That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Reneg, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs but following.

(7) *Such, &c.*] The words, *as these*, may be safely omitted without injuring the sense; they are flat and spoil the metre. The next lines are read thus in the old editions;

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwaine,
Which are t' intrince t'unloose.

Atwaine is doubtless the genuine word, which was commonly used, signifying, *in two, asunder, in twain*. And Mr. Upton observing, that *Shakespeare* sometimes strikes off a syllable or more from the latter part of a word, would preserve *intrince* in the text, which he explains by *intrinsecate*. 'Tis certain the author uses *intrinsecate*, but I don't remember ever to have met with *intrince*: "This shortening of words is indeed too much the genius of our language;" and as the reader knows the sense of the word, and what the critics would read, I have kept to the old editions, notwithstanding the quotation made by me from Mr. *Edwards*. I forbear quoting any similar passages here: *Horace* and *Juvenal* abound with them, and *Shakespeare* himself hath excellently painted the character in *Polonius*. See particularly *Hamlet*, Act 4. Sc. 7.

Plain,

Plain, blunt Men.

This is some fellow,
 Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb,
 Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,—
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth ;
 And they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves, I know, which in this plain-
 ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty (8) silly, ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

SCENE VII. Description of Bedlam Beggars.

White I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the baseli and the poorest shape,
 That every penury in contempt of man
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth :
 Blanket my loins ; else all my hair in knots ;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms,
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-coats and mills,
 Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with
 pray'rs,
 Inforce their charity.

(8) *Silly.*] Some read *filly*: *filly* is not always taken in a bad sense amongst the old writers.

SCENE X. *The faults of Infirmitv, pardonable.*

Fiery ? the fiery duke ? tell the hot duke, that—
 Oh, but not yet ; may be, he is not well ;
 Infirmitv doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound ; we're not ourselves,
 When nature, being opprest, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body. I'll forbear ;
 And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man.—

SCENE XI. *UNKINDNESS.*

Thy sister's naught ; oh Regan, she hath tied
 Sharp tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.
 [Points to his heart.

SCENE XII. *Offences mistaken.*

All's not offence that indiscretion (9) finds,
 And dotage terms so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
 I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel ;

(9) *Finds.*] *Finds* is an allusion to a jury's verdict :—and the word *so* relates to *that* as well to *terms*. We meet with the very same expression in *Hamlet*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

Why, 'tis *found so*.

Shakespear uses the word in this sense in other places ;

The coroner hath set on her, and *finds* it christian burial. *It*.
As you like it. A. 4. S. 2. *Leander* was drown'd, and the foolish
 chroniclers [perhaps coroners] of that age *found it was*—*Hero*
of Sestos." *Edwards.*

We'll

We'll no more meet, no more see one another ;
But yet, thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter, —

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood ; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life, few.

(10) O, reason not the need : our basest beggarj
Are in the poorest things superfluous ;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts.

(10) O reason, &c] The poets abound with sentiments similar
to this : take the two following passages from *Lucretius* and
Lucan.

O wretched man, in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers, and beset with strife,
He spends his little span, and over-feeds
His cram'd desires with more than nature needs.
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight.
Which minds unmixt with cares and fears obtain
A foul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sens' is satisfy'd.

See *LUCRET.* B. 2.

Behold, ye sons of luxury, behold,
Who scatter in excess your lavish gold ;
For whom all earth all ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous board :
Behold how little thirsty nature craves.

See *Lucan*, B. 4. *R. w's transl.*

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; (11) touch me with noble an-
 ger:

O let not womens weapons, water-drops.
 Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 (12) That all the world shall—I will do such things;
 What they are, yet I know not: but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth; you think, I'll weep:
 No, I'll not weep. + I have full cause of weeping:
 This heart shall break into a thousand * flaws,
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

(11) *Touch me, &c.*] "If you, ye gods, have stirred my
 Daughters hearts against me: at least let me not bear it with any
 unworthy tameness; but touch me with noble anger; let me resent
 it with such resolution as becomes a man."—And let not wo-
 man's weapons, water drops, stain my man's cheeks. See *Cancr.*
 of *Crit.* p. 78.

(12) *That, &c.*] This seems to have been imitated from the
 one or the other of these passages following:

Haud quid sit scio. Senec. Thyest. A. 2.

Sed grande quiddam est. Senec. Thyest. A. 2.

What it is I know not —

But something terrible it is —

— *Nescio quid forse*

Decevit animus intus, et nondum fibi audet fateri. Medea.

I know not what my furious mind

Hath inwardly determin'd, and still dares not

Even to itself reveal.

Magnum est quodcumque paravi:

Quid sit adhuc dubito.

Ovid. Met. 6.

Tis something great I've only meditated —

What it is, yet I'm doubtful.

† *I have, &c.*] Perhaps this should be, *Tho' I've full cause.*

See p. 23. n. 6. of this volume.

SCENE

SCENE XIII. *Wilful Men.*

O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements ;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea ;
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his
white hair,
(Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury ;)
Strives in his little world of man t'out scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the (13) cub-drawn bear would
couch,
The lion, and the belly pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry ; unbonneted lie runs,
And bids what will take all.

SCENE II. *Lear's passionate Exclamations amidst the Tempest.*

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks ; rage, blow !
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drencht our sleeples, drown'd the
cocks !

(13) *Cub-drawn.*] i. e. Drawn dry by its cubs, and therefore
the more ready to go out in search of prey.

You fulph'rous and thought executing fires,
 (14) Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head. And thou, all shaking thun-
 der,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world ;
 Crack nature's mould, all (15) germins spill at once
 That make ingrateful man.
 Rumble thy belly-full, spit fire, spout rain ;
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters ;
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;
 I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children ;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure ;—here I stand your slave ;
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man !
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. Oh ! oh ! tis foul.

* * * * *

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here ? things that love
 night,

Love not such nights as these : the wrathful skies
 (16) Gallow the very wand'lers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves : since I was a man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

(14) *Vaunt-couriers, &c.*] Nothing can be plainer than this passage, which it is surprizing Mr. *Warburton* should so much mistake, as to imagine this line the *players* *spurious issue*, on account of any contradiction in it ; the reader may see his note, and Mr. *Edwards*'s comment upon it, in the *Causes of Criticism*, p. 33. In the mean time we may be contented with this clear sense—“ You fires and lightnings, fore-runners of the thunder, Singe me, &c.—You thunder, strike flat the thick rotundity of the world.”

(15) *Germins*] *Vulg.* *Germaine*—This reading is Mr. *Theobald*'s. The word is derived from *germen*, *γένος*, seed,—the sense is, “ Crack nature's mould, and split all the seeds of matter, that are hoarded within it.” In the *Winter's Tale* he says ;

Let nature crush the sides of th' earth together,

And mar the seeds within.”—See *Macbeth*, A. 4 S. 2.

(16) *Gallow*] *i. e.* Scare, frighten. See the foregoing passage.

Such

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot
carry

Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhip'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand?
Thou perjur'd, and thou similar of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent up guilt,
Rive your concealing continents and ask,
These dreadful summoners grace,—I am a man
More sinn'd against, than finning.

Kent. Alack, bare headed?
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.

* * * * *

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contem-
tious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thoud'st meet the bear i'th' mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home;
No, I will weep no more—In such a night,
To shut me out?—pour on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O, Regan, Gonneril,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that—

Kent. Good, my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyself; seek thine own
ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in,
In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in, I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, wherefo'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar disguis'd like a Madman.

Edg. Away! the soul fiend follows me. Through
the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph,
go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and
art thou come to this? * * Didst thou give them
all?

Now all the plagues that in the penduous air
Hang fated o'er mens faults, light on thy daughter!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have sub-
du'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters (17).

(17) I have given the reader all the most beautiful passages of this celebrated part of the tragedy, and have avoided any comments on it, as its beauties are so striking, and so generally commended: however, if he thinks proper, he may, by consulting Mr. Smith's translation of *Longinus*, find some observations there, not unworthy his regard. See the 3d note on the 19th section.

SCENE

SCENE VI. On Mtn.

Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated, Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come unbutton here.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Justice of Providence.

That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
(19) That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

SCENE III. Patience and Sorrow.

Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest: you have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once her smiles and tears
(20) Were like a better day. Those happiest smiles,
That

(19) *That slaves, &c.*] Mr. Warburton is for reading, *braves* here: but he still forgets how frequently Shakespear makes verbs of substantives, and instead of endeavouring to explain his author's words, immediately has recourse to the easy art of altering, when there is any difficulty: by *slaves* your ordinance, the poet means, *makes a slave of* your ordinance: "makes it subservient, as Mr. Upton observes, to his superfluities and lusts."

(20) *Were like a bitter day.*] So the old editions read; Mr. Warburton says, "without question we should read,

A wetter May

i.e. a spring-season wetter than ordinary: I cannot come into his

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted
 thence,
 As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
 Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
 If all could so become it.

SCENE IV. *Description of Lear distracted.*

(21) Alack, tis he; why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vext sea; singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumitarr, and furrow weeds,
 With hardocks, hemlock, netties, Cuckow-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 in our sustaining corn.

SCENE VI. *Description of Dover-Cliffe.*

Come on, sir, here's the place—stand still. How
 fearful
 And dizzy tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
 The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
 air,

his opinion; nor by any means apprehend, how her smiles and tears can with any propriety be compared to a *spring-season, wetter than ordinary*: the poet is comparing her *patience* and *sorrow*, express'd, the one by *smiles*, the other by *tears*, to a day, wherein there is both sun-shine and rain at the same time: you have seen, says he, *sun-shine* and *rain* at once; such was her patience and sorrow: her *smiles* and *tears* were like a day so *chequer'd*, when the rain and the sunshine contended as it were together. This I apprehend to be the sense of the passage. But then what must we do with *better*? I own myself incapable of fixing any sense to it, nor does any emendation strike me, that the reader perhaps will judge plausible enough: he'll see, I had an eye in the explaining of the passage, on *chequer'd*;

Her smiles and tears
 Were like a *chequer'd* day;

which is the most probable word that occurs at present, tho' I advance it not with any degree of certainty. He speaks of a *chequer'd shadow* in *Titus Andronicus*, Act. 2. Sc. 4.

(21) *Alack, &c.*] See Hamlet, A. 4. S. 19. and the note.

Shew

Shew scarce so gross as beeties. Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
 The fisher-men, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
 That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
 Let my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Gloster's Farewell to the World.

(22) O, you mighty gods!
 This world I do renounce: and in your sights
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff and loathed part of nature should
~~be not~~ ^{be} in it. If Edgar live, O, bles~~s~~ him!

*SCENE. i. Lear, in his Madness, on the
 gross Flatterers of Princes.*

Ha! Goneril! ha! Regan! they flattered me
 like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my

(22) *Gloster* is afterwards convinced of his mistake, and con-
 fessed in the duty of sufferance: he says;

I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
 Affliction: till it do cry out itself,
 Enough, enough, and die.

At the end of the *Oedipus, Coloneus of Sophocles*, there is a fine
 reflection like this;

To γεροντες οι θεοι, &c.

That which the gods bring on us, we should bear
 With resignation, not contumely with sorrow.

beard,

beard, ere the black ones were there. To say, ay, and no, to every thing that I said—Ay, and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding ; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not (23) men o' their words ; they told me, I was every thing ; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :
 Why dost thou lash that whore ? strip thine own
 back ;
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
 For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs
 the cozener.
 Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear ;
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sins with
 gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
 Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw doth pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll blee 'em
 Take that of me, my friend, who hath the pow'r
 To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou do'st not.

(23) See Act. 2. Sc. 6. foregoing. Mr. Upton, misled by the beginning of this speech ; and apprehending the *king*, in his madness used exact connection, tells us we should not read, *men o' their words*, but *women of their words* : whereas it is plain, he runs off from the thoughts of his daughters to those who flattered him, and all through the speech speaks of them only : the criticism is scarce worth remarking, except it be to shew, how subject all of us are to mistakes, and how little reason the very *wisest* have to triumph over the errors of others.

SCENE X. Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her
Sisters.

O, my dear father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lip ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !
Had you not been their father, those white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, crost lightning ? * * *
* * * And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? alack, alack !
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal Lord ? how fears your
Majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'
Grave.

Ha ! is this too a world of cruelty ?
I know my priviledge : think not that I will
Be us'd like a wretched mortal ? No,
No more of that.

Cord. Speak to me, sir ; who am I ?

Lear. You are a soul in bliss : but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, which my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear.

Lear. You are a Spirit, I know: where did you die?

Cord. Still, still, far wide.

Phyf. Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soongrow more compos'd.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair day-light!

I am mightily abus'd, I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I will not swear
These are my hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in blessing over me; nay
You must kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me,
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Four-score and upward: and to deal plainly with
you

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Cord. Nay, then farewell to patience: witness
for me,

Ye mighty pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd till now!

Lear. Methinks I should know you, and know
this man,
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remember not these garments; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last night—Pray do not mock
me,

For, as I am a Man, I think that Lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cord. O my dear, dear father!

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes faith? pray do
not weep,

I know I have giv'n thee cause, and am so humbled
With crosses since, that I cou'd ask
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou cou'dst grant it; but I'm well assur'd

Thou

Thou can'st not; therefore I do stand thy Justice:
If thou hast poison for me I will drink it,
Bless thee and die.

Cord. O pity, sir, a bleeding heart, and cease
This killing language.

Lear. Tell me, friends, Where am I?

Gent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted, good Madam, for the vi-
olence

Of his distemper's past: we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, till he is better settled.

Wilt please you, Sir, walk into freer air?

Lear. You must bear with me, I am old and
foolish.

A C T V. S C E N E V.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoner.

No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i'th' cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; (24) and hear poor rogues

(24) *And, &c.*] 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city:
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife, and does relate
Who sells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tissue robe: whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself: harmless conceits,
Tho' fools say they are dangerous.

The Falfe One, Act. 1. Sc. 1.

The word *spies* in the text, is taken in the sense of *spies upon any*
w. to inspect their conduct, not *spies employed by a person.*

Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out:
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense.

SCENE VIII. *The Justice of the Gods.*

(25) The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
 Makes instruments to scourge us.

Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.

Lift a brief tale,
 And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst
 The bloody proclamation to escape,
 That follow'd me so near (O, our lives sweetness !
 That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
 Rather than die at once) taught me to shift

(25) *The, &c.*] This retorting of punishments, and making the means by which we offended the scourge of our offence, is very common amongst the ancients, and perhaps had its rise from the Jewish people. *An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, &c.* *Callimachus*, in his hymn to *Pallas*, tells us, that goddess depriv'd the young hunter of his eye, because they had offended, having seen her in the bath. See the Hymn, g. 75. And in *Sophocles*, at the end of *Electra*, *Orestes* cries out to *Aegistus*;

Peace, and attend me to that place where thou
 Didst murder my poor father, that even there
 I too may murder thee.

Inte

Into a madman's rags ; t'assume a semblance,
 'The very dogs disdain'd ; and in this habit,
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious gems new lost ; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
 Never (O, fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, tho' hoping of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
 Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edg. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall perchance, do good ; but speak you on,
 You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. ——(26) This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow : but another,

(26) *This, &c.*] The *bastard*, whose savage nature is well displayed by it, desires to hear more : the gentle *Albany*, touch'd at the sad tale, begs him no more to melt his heart : upon which, *Edgar* observes, sensibly affected by *Edmund*'s inhumanity, "One should have imagined, this would have seem'd a period, a sufficient end of woe, to such as love not sorrow, who are not pleased to hear of the distresses of others : but another [a person of another and more cruel temper] to amplify too much, [to augment and aggravate that which is already too great] would still make much more [would still increase it] and top extremity itself ; that is, even go beyond that which is already at the utmost limit " Nothing can be plainer than this, which *Mr. Warburton* condemning as *miserable nonsense*, reads thus, and admits into his text !

This wou'd have seem'd a period ; but such
 As love to amplify another's sorrow,
 Too much, wou'd make much more and top extremity !

Tis remarkable, this fine speech, (and indeed many others) are omitted in the *Oxford* edition.

To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity !
 Whilst I was big in clamour, there came a man,
 Who having seen me in my worser state,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but now finding
 Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck ; and bellow'd out,
 As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd ; which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack.—Twice then the trumpets sounded,
 And there I left him traunc'd.—

SCENE XII. *Lear on the Death of Cordelia.*

Howl, howl, howl, howl,—O you are men of
 stone ;
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That Heav'ns vault shou'd crack ; she's gone for
 ever !

I know when one's dead and when one lives ;
 She's dead as earth ! lend me a looking glass,
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why then she lives.

This feather stirs, she lives ; if it be so
 It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
 That e'er I have felt.

Kent. O my good master.

Lear. Pr'ythee away—

A plague upon your murth'rous traitors all !
 I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever,
 Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !—

What

What is 't thou sayest? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'l come no
more.

Never, never, never, never, never. ——



MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Witches describ'd.

(1) **W**HAT are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their
attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That men may question? You seem to understand
me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips;—You should be women:
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are so.

(1) *What, &c.*] *Shakespear's* excellence in these fictitious characters hath been before observed: In such circles, indeed, none could move like him; *ghosts*, *witches*, and *fairies* seem to acknowledge him their sovereign. We must observe, that the reality of *witches* was firmly believed in our author's time, not only established by law, but by fashion also, and that it was not only unpolite but criminal, to doubt it; and as hath been remarked, "upon this general infatuation, *Shakespear* might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he hath followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true: nor can it be doubted, that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting." See *Miscellaneous observations on Macbeth*, by Mr. S. Johnson, (note the first) printed for *Ed. Cave*, 1745. *Osway's* celebrated description of the *witch* in his *Orphan* is universally known, I omit quoting it here.

SCENE

SCENE VII. Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldest be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldest
 highly,
 That wouldest thou holily; wouldest not play false,
 And yet wouldest wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

(1) The raven himself is hoarse,
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me from the crown to th' toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
 Stop up th' access and passage to remorse:
 That no compunctionous visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, (3) nor keep peace between

(2) *The Raven, &c.*] It is said in the speech which precedes this, that the messenger, who brought the news,

— Almost dead for breath had scarcely more,

Than would make up his message.

Him the queen most beautifully calls the *Raven*. With this clue the reader will easily enter into the sense of the passage, and see the absurdity of any alteration. — By *mortal* thoughts is meant *destructive, deadly, &c.* — In which sense mortal is frequently used.

(3) *No keep, &c.*] Mr. Johnson is of opinion, that no sense at all is express'd by the present reading, and therefore he proposes *keep pace between*: the passage seems clear to me, and the sense as follows: "grant that no womanish tenderness, no compunctionous visitings of nature, no stings of conscience, may shake my fell purpose, may defeat my design, and *keep peace* between it and the effect, that is *keep my purpose from being executed*," which is most aptly express'd by a *peace* between them, which the remorse of her mind and the stings of her conscience were to be the occasion of her *keeping*.

Th' effect

'Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring mi-
nisters!

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief—Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunkest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold! ———

SCENE IX. Macbeth's *Irresolution.*

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Cou'd trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its furcease success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end all ——Here,
But here upon this bank and (4) shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions; which being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: (5) then as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

(4) *Shal.*] Others read *sheve.*

(5) *Then as, &c.*] This is quite classical: hospitality was held so sacred among the ancients, that the chief of their gods was dignified with the title of hospitable. Ζευς Εὔποσ, *Jupiter Hospitalis.* The writings of the ancients abound with this noble principle, and hospitality is mentioned with honour in them all: this amongst a thousand other proofs, shews *Shakespear* to have been no stranger to the works of antiquity.

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off :
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd
 Upon the sightless coursers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye ;
 That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th'other.

SCENE X. *True Fortitude,*

(6) I dare do all that may become a man,
 Who dares do more, is none.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle tow'r'd my hand ? come let me clutch
 thee,
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to fight ? or art thou but

(6) *I dare, &c.*] The whole present scene well deserves a place here, however I shall only beg to refer the reader to it. "The arguments, says *Johnson*, by which lady *Macbeth* persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of *Shakespear's* knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea, which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism *Macbeth* has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half, of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though his other productions had been lost." &c. — See his sixteenth note.

A dag-

A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw—
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going?
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th'other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, * gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing—
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes—(7) Now o'er one half the
 world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace

* *Gouts, i. e. drops.*

(7) *Now o'er, &c.]* That is, over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased. This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico*.

All things are hush'd as nature's self lay dead,
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head:
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 And sleeping flow'r's beneath the night-dews sweat:
 Even lust and envy sleep!

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of *Shakespeare*, may be more accurately observed.—Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of *Dryden*, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep: in that of *Shakespeare*, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder is awake. He that reads *Dryden* finds himself lull'd with serenity, and dispos'd to solitude and contemplation: he that peruses *Shakespeare*, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover, the other that of a murderer.

JOHNSON.

With

(3) With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—(9) Thou found and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it—whilst I threat he lives—

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.]

(8) *With, &c.*] The reading in the old books is,

With Tarquin's ravishing *slides* towards, &c.
Which Mr. Pope alter'd to that in the text. Mr. Johnson is for
reading,

With Tarquin ravishing, *slides* tow'rd, &c.

Because a *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity,
and tumult; and because the progression of ghosts is so different
from *slides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be as *Milton*
expresses it,

Smooth *sliding* without step.

It seems to me, the poet only speaks of the silence, and secrecy
wherewith the ghosts were supposed to move; and, as when per-
ple walk with a stealthy peace, or as it is called on *tip-toe*, they
generally take long *slides*, not stepping frequently; I should
judge *slides* to be the proper reading; beside, I think the two
verbs coming in that manner together not entirely elegant; *slides*
towards his design, and moves like a ghost, seem too near a tautology.
I am the more explicit in this passage, as any remark of so
ingenious a person deserves all attention. We may observe,
Shakespeare, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, says of Tarquin
entering the lady's chamber,

Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*.

(9) *Thou, &c.*] Hey—not, O, earth, my steps, lest thy very
stones should prate, should tell of where I am, and what I am
about to penetrate, and by their prating, or making a noise,
take away that *silence*, the present horror, from the time, which
so well suits with it." For what could be more dreadful to
such a mind as Macbeth's, than so universal a silence, when all
nature deeply hush'd, must seem to his guilty mind, as listening
to his purpose, and attending to the act he was about to perform?

Enter

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold :
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire.
Hark ! peace !
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'ſt good night—he is about it—
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there ? what ho ?
Lady. Alack ! I am afraid, they have awak'd ;
And 'tis not done ; th' attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not mis 'em—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't—My husband !
Macb. I've done the deed—didst thou not hear
a noise ?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! who lies i'th' second chamber ?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight ! [Looks on his hands.]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cry'd murder !

They wak'd each other ; and I stood and heard
them ;

But

But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us ; and Amen the
other ;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us !

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, sleep
no more !

Macbeth doth murder sleep ; the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
(10) The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.——

Lady. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more, to all the
house ;

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd ? why (11)
worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

(10) *The death, &c.*] Shakespear frequently speaks of sleep as
the image of death ; at the end of the 4th Scene in this Act,
Macduff calls it death's counterfeit : *Sleep that knits up the ravell'd
sleeve of care*—alludes to sleav'd silk ravell'd.

(11) *Why, &c.*] Should not this be read,

Why, worthy Thane,
Do you unbend your noble strength ?

The interrogation seems not only necessary, but beautiful.

So brain sickly of things ; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more ;
I am afraid to think what I have done !
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose ?
Give me the daggers ; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.]

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking ? [Starting.]
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
• What hands are here ? hah ! they pluck out mine
eyes,
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

* *What, &c.*] Shakespear had this from his brother tragedians.
So *Hercules* in *Seneca*,

*Arctorum licet
Meotis in me gelida transfundat mare
Et tota Tethys per meas currat manus,
Hæredit altum facinus.* Hercul. Fur. Act. 5.

* 'Tis said of *Oedipus*, in *Sophocles*, that neither the waters of the
Danube or *Phasis* can wash him and his house clean,

*Οἷμετ γερ ραντίσσον ρτε ορθον αὐ
Νιψατ καθαρυν ταῦδε την σεγην.*

In allusion to their expiatory washings in the sea or rivers, Various were the ceremonies of washing among the *Jews* as well as *Gentiles* ; particularly that of the hands. Hence came the proverb of doing things with *unwashed hands* ; i. e. impudently without any regard to decency and religion. *Henry IV. Act. 3. 11. 15.* Rob me the *Exchequer* the first thing thou doest, and do it with *unwashed hands* too. *UP TEN.*

Clean

Clean from my hand ? no, this my hand will rather

Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red ——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white : I hear a knocking

[Knock.]

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed.

How easy is it then ? your constancy
Hath left you unattended — hark, more knocking !

[Knock.]

Get on your night-gown lest occasion calls us,
And shew us to be watchers ; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself.

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking ; 'would, thou
couldst !

A C T III. S C E N E III.

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord, why do you keep
alone ?

Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed, have
died

With them they think on ? things without all re-
medy

Should be without regard ; what's done, is done :

Macb. We have scotch'd (12) the snake, not kill'd it.

She'll close and be herself ; whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams, That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead, (Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,) Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstacy.—Duncan is in his grave : After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ; Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him further !

* * * * *

O full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !

Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them, nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affailable ; Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown His cloyster'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The * shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums

(12) *Secteb'd.*] This reading is Mr. *Theebald's*, the old one is *scorch'd*, which Mr. *Upton* wou'd attempt to defend by telling us, " the allusion is to the story of the *Hydra*. We have scorch'd the snake, we have indeed *Hercules* like cut off one of its heads, and scorch'd it, as it were, as he did, assisted by *Jolans*, hindering that one head, thus scorch'd, from sprouting again ; but such a wound will close and cure ; our *hydra-snake* has other heads still, which are to me as dangerous as *Duncan's*, particularly that of *Banquo* and *Fleance*, &c. The allusion is learned and elegant, *Crit. Observat.* p. 154. But learned and elegant as it is, I am apt to imagine Mr. *Theebald's* the true word : the sentence seems to confirm that supposition ; however Mr. *Upton's* remark is worth observing.

* *Shard-born*, i. e. says *Warburton*, the Beetle hatch'd in clefts of wood. *Upton* proposes *sbarn-barn*, i. e. the beetle born from dung. See remarks on three plays of *Ben Jonson*, p. 109.

Hath

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck.

'Till thou applaud the deed : + seeing night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale ; light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.

S C E N E V. *Scene changes to a Room of State.*

Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox. *Lords and Attendants.*

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making,
'Tis given, with welcome. To feed, were best
at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

[*I* 't be ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's
place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !
Now good digestion wait an appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May't please your highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present, —

+ *Seeing*, i. e. blinding, a term in falconry.

(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !)

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your high-
ness

To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full.

[Starting.]

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord,

What is't that moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it : never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat,
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

[To Macb. *aside.*]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might appal the Devil.

Lady. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear ; [aside.]

This is the air-drawn-dagger, which you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
(13) Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's

(13) *Impostors, &c.*] Mr. Johnson says of this passage, that
as *starts* can neither with propriety nor sense be called *Impostures to true fear*, something else was undoubtedly intended by
the author, who perhaps wrote

These flaws and starts
Impostures true to fear, &c.

These symptoms of terror and amazement might better become
impostures true only to fear, might become a coward at the
recital

A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!—
 Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!
 Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*]
 Why, what care I! if thou canst nod, speak too.—
 If charnel houses and our graves must send
 Those, that we bury, back: our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. [*The ghost vanishes.*]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.—

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now i'th olden
 time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
 Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
 Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would
 die,

And there an end; but now they rise again
 With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools: this is more strange
 Than such a murther is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends to lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
 I have a strange infirmity which is nothing

recital of such falsehoods as no man could credit, whose understanding was not weakened by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the authority of her grandam." —Mr. Warburton explains the passage thus, "These flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well-grounded."

To

'To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all !

Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full—
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

[*The ghost rises again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight ! let the earth
hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom ; 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or Hyrcanian tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ?
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mock'ry, hence ! Why, so,—being gone,

[*The ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again : pray you sit still. [*The lords rise.*

Lady You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. (14) Can such things be,

(14) *Can, &c.*] Mr. Warburton's alteration of this passage is very wonderful ; nothing can be plainer than the meaning of it ; " Can such things be, can such dreadful sights as this of the ghost come over us, overcast us like a dreadful black summer cloud, without our shewing any amazement, without being at all moved at it ? "

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that (15) I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him; at once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Goodnight and better health,
Attend his majesty!

Lady. Good night to all. [Exeunt lords.

Macb. It will have blood, (they say) blood will
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;

Augurs, that understood (16) relations, have
By magpies and by choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret' st man of blood.

A C T IV. S C E N E II.

Witches, their power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How'er you come to know it) answer me.

(15) *That I owe.*] Mr. Johnson here would read *know*:
" Though I had before seen many instances of your courage,
yet it now appears in a degree altogether new: So that my *long*
acquaintance with your *disposition*, does not hinder me from that
astonishment which novelty produces."

(16) *Relations*] By the word *relation*, is understood the con-
nection of effects with causes; to understand *relations* as an au-
gur, is to know how these things *relate* to each other, which have
no visible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Though

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches ; though the yeasty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
 down,
 Though castles topple on their warders heads ;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the
 treasure
 * Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Ev'n till destruction ficken ; answer me
 To what I ask you.

SCENE IV. Malcolm's *Character of himself.*

Mal. But I have none ; the king-becoming gra-
 ces,
 As justice, verity, temp'rance, stahleness,
 Bounty, persev'rance, metey, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them ; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
 I'm as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern ?
 No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred !
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne

* See *King Lear*, p. 136. n. 15.

By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a most fainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
* Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh! fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
* Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command.

SCENE VI. *An oppres'd Country.*

Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where no-
thing,

* *Dy'd, &c.]* This is plainly taken from St. Paul, I. die daily.

* See the whole scene:

But

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :
 Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the
 air
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow
 seems
 A modern ecstasy : the dead-man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom : and good mens
 lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macduff, on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
 This comfort with the like ! but I have words,
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
 Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
 The gen'ral cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
 Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
 But in it shares some woe ; tho' the main part
 Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
 ever,
 Which shall possess them, with the heaviest sound,
 That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guesst at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and
 babes
 Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,
 Were on the quarry of these murther'd deer
 To add the death of you.

Mal.

Mal. Merciful heav'n !
 What man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
 Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too !

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could
 be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence ! my wife
 kill'd too !

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
 To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. (18) He has no children.—All my pret-
 ty ones ?

Did you say all ? what, all ? oh, hell-kite ! all ?
 What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
 At one fell-swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so :

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
 That were most precious to me : did heav'n look
 on,

And would not take their part ? sinful Macduff,
 They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls ; heav'n rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let
 grief

Convert to wrath : blunt not the heart, enrage it.

(18) *He has, &c.*] Nothing can be more natural than this reflection : the father's thoughts are wholly engrossed by his misfortune, and disregarding what *Malcolm* says to him, he bursts out into this pathetic exprobation of the tyrant ; *Constance* in king *John* speaks thus to *Pandolph*,

He talks to me that never had a son !

VOL. II.

R

Macd.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n !
Cut short all intercession : front to front ;
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my swords length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heav'n forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly ;
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may ;
The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Gent. Lo, you ! here she comes ! this is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep ; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now ? look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands : I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out, I say—one; two; why then 'tis time to do't—hell is murky. Fy, my lord, fy, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean?—no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to, you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows, what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well—

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night gown, look not so pale—I tell you yet again Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

SCENE III. *Despis'd Old Age.*

I have lived long enough: (18) my way of life
 Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:
 And that which should accompany * old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have: but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
 not.

Diseases of the Mind, incurable.

Can't thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

(18) *My way, &c.*] *Way* may be explained by——the *progress or course of my life*; but I must own, Mr. Johnson's conjecture appears very plausible: “as says he, there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the fear*, I am inclined to believe, that the *w* is only an *m* inverted, and that it was originally written *my may of life*.

“I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days, but I am without those comforts that succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.”

The words *the fear*, and *yellow leaf*, seem greatly to countenance this conjecture.

* *Old-age.*] *Sampson* enumerating his sorrows, laments the misery of being contemptible in his *old age*:

———To visitants a gaze
 Or pity'd object; these redundant locks,
 Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,
 Vain monument of strength, till length of years,
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure.

Milton's Sampson Agon.

And,

And, with some sweet (19) oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

SCENE V. *Reflections on Life.*

(20) To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to (21) study death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

R 3

That

(19) *Oblivious*, &c.] Alluding to the *Nepenthe*: a certain mixture, of which opium perhaps was one of the ingredients. Homer Od. 4. 221.

Νηπενθής τὸν ἀχθόντα, καταρτίλλεις οὐαίρη.

i. e. the oblivious antidote, easing the forgetfulness of all the evils of life. What is remarkable, had *Shakespear* understood Greek as well as *Finger*, he could not more closely have expressed the meaning of the old bard. *Upton*.

(20) *To*, &c.] A cry being heard, *Macbeth* enquires, Wherefore it was? and is answered, the queen is dead: upon which he observes:

She should have died hereafter:

There would have been a time for such a word:

To-morrow, &c.

She should not have died now, any time hereafter, to-morrow or no matter when, it would have been more pleasing than the present; this naturally raises in his mind the false notion of our thinking to-morrow will be happier than to-day: but “to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoy'd and unregarded: and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end.” &c.

M. Johnson is for reading,

There would have been a time for----such a world!

To-morrow, &c.

His conjecture seems rather beautiful than just. See note 44.

(21) *Study*, &c.] i. e. the time itself; the yesterdays that are past, teach even fools to *study* death: death is a lesson so easily, learnt

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

learnt, that fools, themselves, inform'd by the very time, can reason and moralize upon it." See *As you like it*, "This is a fine and just sense; and this doubtless is Shakespear's true word: the first folio reads *dusty death*, *i. e.* says Mr. Theobald, the death which reduces us to dust and ashes; and the second *study*: either give good sense, the latter appears to me greatly preferable. In the 6th Scene of the 1st Act of this play, speaking of *Cawder*'s dying, he says,

—He dy'd
As one that had been *studied* in his death,
To throw, &c.



OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PREFERMENT.

TIS the curse of service :
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 And not (1) by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to th'first.

In dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time much like his master's a's,
 For nought but provender, and when he's old,
 cashier'd ;

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty.
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Well thrive by them : and when they have lin'd
 their coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess myself. For, Sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

(1) *By old, &c.*] i. e. by the old and former gradation, the old and usual method formerly practis'd. It is a very common manner of expression, when speaking of any thing formerly in use.

Were

(2) Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
 In following him, I follow but myself.
 Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I seem.

SCENE IV. *Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.*

For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhous'd free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine,
 For the seas worth.

SCENE VIII. *Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.*

Most potent, grave, and reverent signiors,
 My very noble, and approv'd good masters ;
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true I have married her ;
 The very head, and front of my offending,
 Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,

(2) *Were I, &c.*] This bears some resemblance to that celebrated answer of *Alexander* which *Longinus* so greatly commends. — See his essay on the *sublime*, sect. 9. “ When *Parmentier* cried, I would accept these proposals, if I was *Alexander*; ” *Alexander* made this noble reply, “ And so would I, if I was *Parmentier*. ” His answer shew'd the greatness of his mind. — See the learned Dr. *Pearce's* note on the passage.

And

And little bless'd with the (3) soft phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
 'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have
 us'd

Their dearest action, in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious pa-
 tience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love. What drugs, what
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with. * * * * *

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
 Sill question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
 To th' very moment that he bad me tell it :
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly
 breach ;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 (4) And * with it all my travels history,
 * * * * *

(3) *Soft*] *i. e.* gentle, persuasive, such as is used by senators
 and men of *peace*.

(4) *And, &c.*] I have omitted here five or six lines, which
 tho' indeed capable of defence, cannot well be produced as beau-
 ties. The simplest expressions, where nature and propriety
 dictate, may be truly sublime; such is all this fine speech of
 Othello.

* *Portance in my* — others read.

All

All these to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively ; I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.—
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heav'n had made her such a man ; —she
 thank'd me,
 And bad me if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story ;
 And that would woe her. On this hint I spake ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy !
 If after every tempest comes such calms,
 May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death :
 (5) And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
 Olym-

(5) *And, &c.*] The latter part of this passage is very like one in the *Eunuch of Terence*, where *Chara* in a transport of delight, breaks out into the following exclamation;

Prob

Olympus high ; and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven. If I were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

ACT III. SCENE V.

A Lover's Exclamation.

(6) Excellent wretch ! perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord ! why, by heaven, thou echo'st
 me

As if there were some monster in thy thought,
 Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean some-
 thing : I heard

Prob. Jupiter !

*Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfici,
 Ne vita aliqua hoc gaudium contaminet agritidine.*

A. 3. Sc. 5.

Oh Jupiter !

Now is the time that I could gladly yield to death ;
 Lest life with some affliction should pollute

My heart's content.

G. E.

(6) *Wretch.*] This word is found in all the copies ; but nevertheless Mr. *Thesbald*, and the *Oxford* editor read *wench*, which tho' doubtless it was "not formerly used in the low and vulgar acceptation, it is at present," (see page 188) yet I am persuaded *Shakespear* gave us *wretch*, and Mr. *Upton*'s remark seems very just and beautiful : speaking of *Desdemona*'s name, which is deriv'd from *Δυρδαίμων*, i. e. the *unfortunate* ; he says, " and I make no question, but *Othello*, in his rapturous admiration, with some allusion to her name exclaims, Excellent *wretch*," &c.

The ancient tragedians are full of these allusions ; some instances I have mention'd above ; this rapturous exclamation and allusion too has something ominous in it ; and instances of these presaging and ominous expressions our poet is full of." See *Critical Observations*, p. 303.

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that.—
When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, indeed?

And did'st contract and purse thy brow together?
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Otb. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty.
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

R E P U T A T I O N.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
(7) Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis some-
thing, nothing; "Twas

(7) *Who, &c.*] Mr. Theobald observes, "Of riches, and other temporal possessions being uncertain, and often changing their masters, we meet with several passages in the classics, which might have given our author a hint for this sentiment. "

Nunc ager, &c.

HOR. SAT. 2. I. 2.

That which was once *Ofellus* farm is gone,
Now call'd *Umbrina's*, but 'tis no man's own;
None hath the property: it comes and goes,
As merry chance or stubborn fates dispense:
As gods think fit, and their firm nods decree,
Now to be us'd by others, then by me.

Creech.

This

(8)
and

V

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

SCENE VI. Othello's *Soliloquy after having been work'd up to Jealousy, by Iago.*

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. (8) If I prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation,
 That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years, yet that's not much—
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to loath her. Oh, the curse of marriage!
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others uses.

This *Lucian* seems to have imitated in an epigram:

Ἄγρῳ Αχαιμενίδες, &c.

I once was *Achæmenides* his land,
 And now *Menippus* claims me for his own,
 Thus pass I still from one to t' others hand;
 Nor this nor that man's; I belong to none,
 But change as fortune pleases to command.

(8) *If, &c.*] All the metaphor here is taken from falconry, and most beautifully kept up.

SCENE VII. JEALOUSY.

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ.

SCENE VIII. *The Tortures of Jealousy.*

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look, where he comes ! not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Otb. Ha ! false to me !

Iago. Why, how now, general, no more of that.

Otb. Avant, be gone, thou hast set me on the wrack ;

I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord.

Otb. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust ?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry,

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips ;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Otb. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind. Farewel content ;

Farewel

Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
 That make ambition virtue ! Oh farewell,
 Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war :
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel ! Othello's occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my lord ?

Otb. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
 Be sure of it : give me the ocular proof,

[Catching bold on him.]

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou had'st better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Otb. Make me to see't, or, at the leaft, so prove
 it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on : or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My noble lord.

Otb. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
 On horrors head, horrors accumulate,
 Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd ;
 For nothing can'st thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heav'n forgive me !
 Are you a man ? have you a soul ? or sense ?
 God be wi' you : take mine office. O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !
 O monstrous world ! take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest is not safe.
 I thank you for this profit, and from hence
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Otb. Nay, stay—thou should'st be honest.—

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some proof. Her name that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied !

SCENE II. Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and cou'd almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her while she
kept it,

"Twou'd make her amiable, subdue my father
Entirely to her love : but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my state wou'd have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so ; and take heed on't :—
Make it a darling, like your precious eye ;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match. —

— There's magic in the web of it,
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummey which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

SCENE XIII. *A Lover's Computation of Time.*

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? Eight-score eight hours? and love's absent hours, More tedious than the dial eight-score times? Oh weary reckoning!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Othello, before he falls into a Trance.

Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's fulsome: handkerchief—confessions—confessions—handkerchief—I tremble at it—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing without some induction—It is not words that shake me thus—pish—noses—ears and lips—is't possible—confess—handkerchief—Oh devil—

[falls.]

SCENE V. Othello's excessive Fondness of his Wife.

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!—
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Otb. Ay, let her rot and perish and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand—Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature—She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Otb. Hang her, I do but say what she is—so delicate with her needle—an admirable musician—Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Otb. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: and then of so gentle condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Otb. Nay, that's certain—but yet the pity of it,
Iago—Oh, Iago, the pity of it.

SCENE VI. Othello's *Speech*, after having received the *Mandate* when confirm'd in his *Suspicions*.

Ay! you did wish that I would make her turn;
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir—oh well painted passion!—
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll send for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—Hence, avant! [Ex. *Def.*]

Cassio shall have my place: And, Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkies! [Exit Othello.]

SCENE IX. His pathetic *Upbraiding* of his *Wife*.

Def. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words,

Otb. Why? what art thou?

Def. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Otb. Come swear it; damn thyself, lest being like one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee,

Therefore be double-damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Otb.

Otb. Heaven truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Def. To whom my lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Otb. Ah, Desdemona, away, away, away—

Def. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Otb. Had it pleas'd heaven,
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow, un-moving finger at—
Yet could I bear that, too, well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in; (10) Turn thy complexi-
on there,

(10) *Turn, &c.*] i. e. *Patience, thou young, &c. there,* [upon the sight of that, a sight so shocking and intolerable] *turn thy complexion*—Ay, do more than that, not only *turn thy complexion*—but *look grim as hell, horrible as a fiend, and unlike thyself, a young and rose-lip'd cherubin.*" This is a natural and fine sense, and thus the words come nearest those found in the old editions; the *Oxford* editor reads,

There, there look grim as hell.
And Mr. Warburton,

Turn thy complexion thence, —
I here look grim as hell,

Patience;

Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin,
Ay, there look grim as hell.

Def. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Otb. Oh, ay, as summer-flies are in the sham-bles,

That quicken even with blowing. (11) O thou weed!

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee;
Wouldst thou had'st ne'er been born!

Def. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Otb. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?

Committed? Oh, thou public commoner,
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what committed?

Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kissteth all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What, committed? impudent strumpet!

Def. By heaven! you do me wrong.

Otb. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Otb. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be saved.

Otb. Is't possible?

Def. Oh, heav'n forgive us!



(11) *O thou, &c.*] This passage seems to need no alteration:
"Oh thou weed—-who art not only so lovely fair, inviting us to
smell, but also dost really smell so sweet: that, &c."

Otb. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

SCENE XI. Desdemona's *Faithfulness.*

Alas, Iago !

What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. (12) Here I kneel ;
[Kneeling.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse or thought, or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears or any sense
Delighted them on any other form ;
Or that I do not yet and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorce, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

A C T V. SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber : Desdemona is discovered asleep in her Bed.

Enter Othello with a light and a sword.

Otb. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul :

(12) See page 72 preceding.

Quoties tentamina nostra pudici

Reppulerint mores : quoties ego, dixerit, uni

Servor, ubicunque est ; uni mea gaudia serva.

Ovid. Met. L. 7.

Her answer was, oft as my suit I press'd,
For one alone I guard this spotless breast,
To one, where'er he is, from me disjoin'd,
The wishes of my soul are all confin'd.

Pope.

Let

Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars,
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster :

[*Lays down the sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men :
(13) Put out the light, and then—put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent ; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light re-lumine. [*Sets down the taper.*]
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again ;
t needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more ;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last ;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes, where it doth love.

SCENE VII. Othello's *Confusion*, after having murder'd his Wife.

Yes, 'tis Æmilia—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;
The noise was high. Ha, no more moving ?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? wer't good ?

(13) *Put out, &c.*] The present passage hath been much criti-
cised upon, and is so generally known and talk'd of, there re-
mains little to be said concerning it : I shall therefore only add
the manner of reading it, which I have adopted, not only as
most universally received, but it also seems to be most worthy of
Shakespear.

I think

I think she stirs again—No—what's the best?
 If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;
 My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
 Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.—

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
 If heaven would make me such another world,
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it.

SCENE IX. *His bitter Remorse.*

Lo! I have a weapon:
 * A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
 That with this little arm, and this good iword,
 I've made my way through more impediments,
 Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
 Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea mark of my utmost fail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

* *A better, &c.]* In the *Double Falshood* there is exactly the same expression, whether Shakespear's, or introduced by Theobald, I cannot pronounce,

Wear I not a sword?
 Ne'er on man's thigh rode better.

A. 3. S. 3.

And

And he retires : Where should Othello go ?
Now—how dost thou look now ? Oh ill-starr'd
wench ?

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
E'en like thy chastity. O cursed slave !

Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight ;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh Desdemona, Desdemona ! dead, dead ! oh, oh !

SCENE X. His last Speech.

Soft you ; a word or two before you go,
I have done the state some service and they know it ;
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am : nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you
speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base (14) Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose eyes,

Albeit

(14) *Judean.*] The elder quarto gives us *Indian*, it was easy for
the *e* to have been chang'd into an *i* ; -- *Like the base Judean*-- so
pronounce'd the line will run very well ; and I suppose, he all-
udes to the well-known story of *Herod* and *Mariamne* his wife ;
in some circumstances not unlike this of *Othello* and *Desdemona*,
for both husbands lov'd violently, both were jealous, both were
the occasion of their wives deaths ; besides, the word *tribe*,
seems wholly to confirm this reading, and in support of it we,
may add, " that in the year 1613, the lady *Elizabeth Carew*,
published

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus.

[Stabs himself.]

published a tragedy called *Mariam, the fair queen of Jewry.*" Mr. Upton prefers like the base *Egyptian*; which *Egyptian* he tells us, was *Thyamis*, mentioned in the romance of *Theagenes and Chariclea*, written by *Heliodorus*. The reader, if he thinks proper, may see his arguments in support of this emendation in his *Observations*, p. 268.

The beauties of this play are so peculiarly *Shakespear's* own, little can be produced from other writers to compare with them; there are many excellencies, which could not be introduced in this work, depending on circumstances, so nicely adapted, no reader can relish them extracted from the tragedy, which is itself one compleat beauty.



The Life and Death of King Richard II.

ACT I. SCENE II.

REPUTATION.

(1) **T**HE purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

SCENE III. COWARDICE.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

SCENE VI. *Banishment, Consolation under it.*

(2) All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity,
And think not, that the king did banish thee;
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier fit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

(1) See *Othello*, p. 192.

(2) *All, &c.*] Similar to this is the beginning of the 5th act
of *Pastor Fido*.

All places are our country, where we're well,
Which to the wife, is wherefo'er they dwell.

S. R. Fanfaron.

Go

Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee. Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing-birds, musicians;
The grafts, whereon thou tread'st, the presence-
floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance.
For gnarling sorrow hath less pow'r to bite
The man, that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts, ineffectual to moderate Afflictions.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

SCENE VII. *POPULARITY.*

Ourself, and Bushy Bagot, here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy.
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune.
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench:
 A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well!
 And had the tribute of his supple knee:
 With, —— Thanks my countrymen, my loving
 friends;
 As were our England in-reversion his,
 And he our subjects next degree in hope.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ENGLAND.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise,
 This fortress built by nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or of a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;

* * * * *

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shores beats back the envious siege
 Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

SCENE V. GRIEF.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
 For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,

Shew

Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.—

SCENE VI. *Hope, deceitful.*

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death ;
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE XI. *The Prognostics of War.*

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd.
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth ;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change.
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

A C T III. S C E N E - II.

Richard to England, *on his arrival.*

As a long-parted mother * with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting ;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's fee, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'ous sense ;
But let thy spiders which suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way ;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield striking nettles to mine enemies ;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;

* *With, &c.*] The sense seems evidently to require *from*.

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
 This earth shall have a feeling ; and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun, rising after a dark Night.

—Know'st thou not,
 That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world :
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage bloody here :
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole ;
 Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
 backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

SCENE IV. *On the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.*

No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
 Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth !
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;
 And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our depos'd bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
 And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And

And tell sad stories of the death of kings.
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd:
All murther'd.—For within the hollow crown *
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brâs impregnâble: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bores through his castle walls, and farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you; feel want like you;
Taste grief, want friends like you; subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,

* *For, &c.* So in *Philaster*, the king says,

Alas, what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder?
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings!

A. 4.
Tell

Tell them the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

SCENE III. *A description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.*

Them, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke
* Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Boling-
broke!

You would have thought the very windows spoke,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes:
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,
Jesus, preserve thee, welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus; I thank you, countrymen;
And this still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Dutcb. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the
while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Eyen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes

* The king afterwards hearing of this horse from his grooms
observes,

So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
The jade hatly eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Wou'd he not stumble? &c.

Did

Did scowl on Richard: no man cry'd, God save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience
That had not God for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melt-
ed;
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

SCENE IV *VIOLETS.*

* Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

SCENE X. *King Richard's Soliloquy in prison.*

I have been studying how to compare,
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but himself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humour, like the people of this world,

* *Who &c.*] Milton doubtless had this passage in his eye, when in his pretty song, *On May-morning*, he wrote,

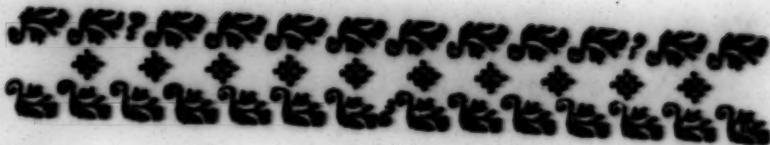
Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

For

For no thought is contented—

* * * * *

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
And shall not be the last: (like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there)
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king,
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And strait am nothing—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd.
With being nothing.—



The Life and Death of King RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Richard, *on his own Deformity.*

NOW are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings ;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front ;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

(1) But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking glas,
I, that am rudely stampt, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;

(1) *But, &c.*] See Longinus on the Sublime. sect. 38. the lat-
ter end.

Why

Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover.
 To entertain these fair-well spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

SCENE II. Richard's *Love for Lady Anne.*

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn
 salt tears,
 Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
 Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made;
 When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
 Nor when thy warlike-father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the standers by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees be-dash'd with rain: in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep-
 ing.

I never sued to friend nor enemy:
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
 words;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
 speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do

I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'lous, proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs,
And entertain a ſcore or two of taylors,
To ſtudy fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.

SCENE IV. *Queen Margaret's Execrations.*

The worm of conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul ;
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors, while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends :
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.
Thou elvish-markt abortive rotting hog !
Thou that was ſeal'd in thy nativity
(2) The ſlave of naſure, and the ſon of hell !
Thou ſlander of thy heavy mother's womb !
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins !

(2) *The ſlave of naſure.* She afterwards ſays,
Sin, death and hell have ſet their marks upon him.

Mr Warburton obſerves, " that the expreſſion in the text is
ſtrong and noble, and alludes to an ancient cuſtom of maſters
branding of their ſlaves : by which it is inſinuated, that his mi-
ſhappen perſon was a mask that naſure had ſet upon him to ſig-
matize his ill condiſions." It has been long ſince obſerved that

Distortum vultum ſequitur distortio morum.
A face diſtorted generally proclaims
Diſtorted manners.

(3) Thou rag of honour, thou detested.—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I cloath my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a faint, when most I play the devil.

SCENE V. The Tower.

Clarence's Dream.

Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord! I pray
you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the
Tower;

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company, my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'r'd
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,

(3) *Rag, &c.*] Richard speaking of Richmond and his follow-
ers in the last act of this play says,

Lash hence these over-weaning rags of France,
These famish'd beggars weary of their lives,

That

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Glo'ster stumbled; and in falling
Struck me, (that sought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, lord, methought, what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon!
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
Some lay in dead mens skulls; and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That wo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead-bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air?
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brack. Awak'd you not with this sad agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then began the tempest to my soul:
I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man, which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,

Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
 Clarence is come, false fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell:
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake: and, see, how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

S O R R O W.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours.
 Makes night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

(5) Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour, for an inward toil;
 And, for unfehl imaginations,
 They often feel a world of endless cares;
 So that between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE V. The Murderers Account of Conscience.

I'll not meddle with; it is a dangerous thing, it
 makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it

(5) See pages 57. 58. &c. and the notes foregoing.
 accuseth

accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detecth him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Duchess of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days !
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to enjoy and weep their gain and loss.
And being feated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood ;
Self against self ; O most preposterous
And frantic outrage ! and thy damned spleen !
Or let me die to look on death no more.

DECET.

Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice !

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

(6) In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingnes to pay a debt,

(6) *In &c. c.*] This is spoken by the marquis of Dorset to the
Duchess, when bewailing the loss of her husband Edward IV.

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite to heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

A C T III. S C E N E V.

The vanity of Trust in Man.

(7) O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep..

S C E N E VIII. C O N T E M P L A T I O N.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

A C T IV. S C E N E III.

*Description of the Murder of the two young
Princes in the Tower.*

The tyrannous and bloody act is done :
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery.
Albeit they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,

(7) O, &c.] This possibly might have risen from the following lines in the 118th psalm.

It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in
princes, &c. See too the 29th psalm.

Melting

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes ;—
Thus, thus, (quoth Forrest,) girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms ;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my
mind :

But, oh ! the Devil—there the villain stopt :
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation 'ere she framed—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse :
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

EXPEDITION.

* Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commen-
ting,
Is leaden survivor to dull delay :
Delay leads impotent and snail pac'd beggary.—
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's mercury, and herald for a king.

SCENE IV. Queen Margaret's Exprobation.

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,

* *Come, &c.*] The favourite apothegm of *Alexander wa-*
Mus τίς μεταβάλλεται : nothing is to be delay'd ; and *Cesar*,
his great rival, in *Lucan's Pharsalia* says,

Tolle moras, semper nescit differre parati.

Hence dull delays, they harm the cause in hand,

To

To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous shot;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the
 queen?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd
 thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, (8) now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

SCENE V. *His Mother's Character of King Richard.*

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
 Thy schooldays frightful, desp'rate, wild, and
 furious:
 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and ventu-
 rous;
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody.

(8) *Now fearing one.*] It is very possible to understand and give
 sense to this, as it is now read; but I should apprehend the au-
 thor wrote,

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing *all*:
 and this correction not only the next line, but the whole manner
 of the speech, as well as the superior elegance given to the pas-
 sage, seem to confirm.

A C T

A C T V. S C E N E II.

H O P E.

True hope is sweet, and flies with swallows
wings;
Kings it makes gods; and meaner creatures kings.

S C E N E III. *A fine Evening.*

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

S C E N E IV. *Day-break.*

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still!

S C E N E V. Richard *starting out of his Dream.*

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu—Soft, I did but dream,

O coward

O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
 The light burns blue—is it not dead mid-night?
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What? do I fear myself?

SCENE VII. CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom,
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons,
 Upon them (9) victory sits on our helms!

SCENE VIII. *Alarum. Enter King Richard.*

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for
 a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a
 horse.

K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the dye;
 I think there be six Richards in the field;
 Five have I slain to day instead of him.
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

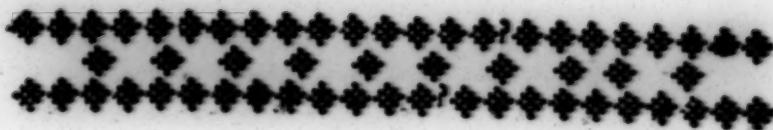
[*Exeunt.*]

(9) *Victory, &c.*] The image here is fine and noble: *Milton* describing *Satan*, speaks thus sublimely,

—His stature reach'd the skies, and on his crest,
 Sate horror plum'd!
 And in another place, he says,
 —At his right hand victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd.

B. 6. 762.

ROMEO



ROMEO and JULIET.

ACT I SCENE II.

LOVE.

LOVE is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet!

SCENE V. *On Dreams.*

O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the (1) fancy's midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
 On the fore finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs:
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smalleſt spider's web;

(1) *Fancy's, &c.*] This has been read *Fairies*, but Mr. *Warburton* altered it to *Fancy*: the lines following,

Which are the children of an idle brain
 Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,

evidently prove the truth of the reading. Beside as she is the *queen of the fairies*, it would rather be beneath her dignity to be their midwife too. The word *shape* is used in the next line very licentiously for *form*, *size*, or *magnitude*.

The

The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her waggoner a small grey coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers :
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Thro' lovers brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curtseys straight :
 O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a (2) courtier's nose,

And

(2) *O'er a courtier's nose.*] *Tho' Lawyer's* is here used in almost all the modern editions, it is very observable, that in the old ones the word used is, *Courtier's*; but the modern editors, having no idea what the poet could mean by a *courtier's smelling out a suit*, notwithstanding he had introduced the *lawyers* before, gave them another place in this fine speech. Mr. *Warburton* has very well explained it, by observing that "in our author's time, a court-solicitation was called simply a *suit*; and a process *a suit at law* to distinguish it from the other. *The king* (says an anonymous cotemporary writer of the life of *Sir William Cecil*) *called him [Sir William Cecil]* and *after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his father to find [i. e. smell out] a suit for him. Whereupon he became suitor for the reversion of the *Custos Brevium* office in the *Common-pleas*. Which the king willingly granted it, being the first suit he had in his life.*" Nor can it be objected, as Mr. *Warburton* also observes, that there will be a repetition in this fine speech, if we read *courtiers*, as there is, if we read *lawyers*, it having been said before,

On courtiers knees that dream on curtseys straight.

Because they are shewn in two places under different views; in the first their *foppery*, in the second their *rapacity* is ridiculed." Besides, we may add, that in the first line he seems to allude to the *court ladies*, in these under considerations to the *gentlemen*.

The

Vol.

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tick.

The custom being so much out of use, it is not axiomatic that in the modern readings of this speech, and also on the stage, we find the *doctors* introduced,

O'er Doctors fingers, who straight dream on fees.

But there seems no doubt of the genuineness of the word in the text. Tho' the following passages have something similar in general to this celebrated speech, yet they serve only to shew the superiority of Shakespear's fancy, and the vast range of his boundless imagination. If the reader will consult the 4th book and 959th line of *Lucretius*, he will find more on the subject than I have quoted: Shakespear has an expression in *Othello*, concerning dreams, which is conformable to what *Lucretius* and *Petronius* observe, and which is an instance of his great knowledge of nature; hear he pronounces, *dreams are working*, there, when *Othello's* passions are to be raised, 'tis remark'd that they

Denote a foregone conclusion. See Othello, A. 3. S. 8.
Lucretius, Book IV.

Et quicunque ferit studio, &c.

Whatever studies please, whatever things
The mind pursues, or dwells on with delight,
The same in dreams, engage our chief concern:
The lawyers plead and argue what is law:
The soldiers fight, and thro' the battle rage:
The sailors work and strive against the wind:
Me an enquiry into nature's laws,
And writing down my thoughts constant employs.

Anony.

Petronius. —

Somnia quo mentes, &c.

When in our dreams the forms of things arise,
In mimic order plac'd before our eyes,
Nor heav'n, nor hell the airy vision sends,
But every breast its own delusion lends.
For when soft sleep the body lays at ease,
And from the heavy mass the fancy frees:
Whate'er it is in which we take delight,
And think of most by day, we dream at night: —
Thus he who shakes proud states, and cities burns,
Sees showers of darts, forc'd lines, disorder'd wings,
Fields drown'd in blood, and obsequies of kings:
The lawyer dreams of terms and double fees,
And trembles when he long vacations sees:

Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of heaths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swarea a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And cakes the elf locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage :
 This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace :
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind ; who wooes
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south,

SCENE VI. A Beauty describ'd.

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright ;
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear :

The miser hides his wealth, new treasure finds ;
 In echoing woods his horn the huntsman winds :
 The sailors dream a shipwreck'd chance describes,
 The whore writes billet-doux ; th' adulteress bribes :
 The op'ning dog the timorous hare pursues,
 And misery in sleep its pains renewes.

ADDISON, Junior.
 Beauty

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

A C T II. S C E N E II.

(3) *The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet, in the Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound—
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks ?
It is the east and Juliet is the sun !

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she,
Be not her maid, since she is envious :
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business do entreat her eyes

(3) *The, &c.*] The elegance and natural simplicity of this scene is enough to recommend it, and must render it agreeable to every reader who hath any taste for tenderness, delicacy, and sincere affection : but when we have seen it so justly performed, and so beautifully graced by some of the best and most judicious actors that ever appeared on any stage, we shall want no comment to enter into its particular excellencies, no chart to guide us to those beauties which all must have sensibly felt, on hearing them so feelingly and pathetically express'd, in their own bosoms. The reader will find some remarks in the *Actor* on this celebrated scene.

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheeks would shame those
 stars,

As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n,
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night,
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this ² fight, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
 Unto the white up-turn'd wandring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [aside.]

Jul. "Tis but thy name that is my enemy:

* * * * *

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title; Romeo, quit thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

¶ *Sight,* Mr. Thos. vulg. *Night.*

Rom.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in
night

So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. * With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me,

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

* *With, &c.* — Which when th' arch felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
As once flight bound, high over-leap'd all bounds
Of hill, or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet: See *Parad. lost.* B. iv. ver. 179.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eye.

And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire,

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes :
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night ;
Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment :
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; (4) at lovers perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

(4) *At lovers, &c.*] This, as Mr. Theobald has observed, our author probably borrowed either from Ovid or Tibullus.

Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum.

At lovers perjuries Jove laughs. Ovid de art. amar.

—*Perjuria ridet amantum*

Jupiter, &c. ventus irrita ferre jubet. Tibul. l. 3. c. 7.

*At lovers perjuries Jove laughs away,
And bids the winds the idle tales convey.*

Tha

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, 'th inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all.

Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear — altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens — sweet, good night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night — as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I woul'd it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.
 I hear some noise within, dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse—Sweet Mountague, be true:
 Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
 All this is but a dream I hear and see;
 Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night:
 indeed:

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where and what time thou wilt perform the right;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*]

I come anon—but if thou mean'st not well:
 I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam.*] By and by
 I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
 To-morrow will I send:

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy
 light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falkner's voice,
 To lure this tassel gentle back again—
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,

Else

Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what o'clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then, —
I have forgot why I did call thee back,

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee
gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,
And with a silk-thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet for-
row,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. [Exit.

SCENE V. *Love's Heralds.*

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills.

There-

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

SCENE VI. *Violent Delights, not lasting.*

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which as they meet, consume.

Lover, Lights of Foot.

O so light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

A Lover's Impatience.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That (5) th' run-away's eyes may wink; and
Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.

(5) *The run-awayr, &c.*] That is, the sun; whom he elegantly calls the run-away, in reference to the poetical account of the sun driving his chariot of light through the heavens, and running down the west from the eyes of mortals to the arms of his celestial mistress.

SCENE V. Romeo, on his Banishment.

SCENE, The Monastery.

Romeo and the Friar.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look
Than death itself. Do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world,
And world-exil'd is death; that banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin; O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment;
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished!
O father; hast thou no strong poison mixt,

No

he ele-
account
ens, and
arms of

SCENE

No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more—

Fri. O then I see that mad-men have no ears.

Rom. How shall they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tibalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an un-made grave.

SCENE VII. Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near da :

(7) It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomgranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
No nightingale. (8) Look, love, what envious
streaks

Do

(7) *It was, &c.*] The poets abound with numberless similes and frequent mention of the nightingale: she, as well as the close of the evening when she sings, seems to have been a favourite of *Milton*: the passages in his works are well known; the following fine simile, though perhaps not so apt to our present purpose, yet as little known, I cannot help recommending.

I have heard

Two emulous philomels beat the ear of night,
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by out-breasted, that the sense,
Could not be judge between them: so, &c.

See *Two noble Kinsmen*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

(8) *Look, &c.*] The poets in general seem to have exerted themselves in their description of the morning: the *English* may justly claim the preference over the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and *Shakespeare* I think over all: the present passage is sufficient to set in competition with all we can produce: and the reader by referring to the index will find many others equally beautiful. However, according to my promise, I must remember to quote some descriptions, the better to set forth *Shakespeare's* superior excellence: *Homer* has led the way, and in almost innumerable places, spoken of the morning "as a goddess or divine person flying in the air, unbarring the gates of light, and opening the day. She is drawn by him in a saffron robe, and with rosy hands (ῥεόδακτυλος) which is the epithet he almost constantly bestows upon her, and perhaps may vie with any other however beautiful) sprinkling light through the earth. She arises out of the waves of the sea, leaves the bed of *Typhon* her lover, ascends the heavens, appears to gods and men, and gives notice of the sun's rising. She is placed by the father of the poets sometimes on a throne of gold; now in a chariot drawn by swift horses, and bearing along with her the day; and at other times she is ushered in by the star, which is her harbinger, and which gives the signal of the morning's approach.---On this as a ground, the poets following *Homer*, have run their divisions of fancy:

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul.

this will appear by the following instances, &c." See *Lay M-
 nistry*, p. 229.

See Dryden's *Virgil* for the ensuing;
 Aurora now had left her saffron-bed,
 And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread.
 And now the rosy morn began to rise,
 And wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies.

Now rose the ruddy morn from Tython's bed,
 And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread:
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
 But added colours to the world reveal'd.

The morn ensuing from the mountains height,
 Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light:
 'T' ethereal couriers bounding from the sea,
 From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day.

Ovid by Trap.

Lo, from the rosy east her purple doors,
 'The morn unfolds adorn'd with blushing flowers,
 'The lessen'd stars draw off and disappear, }
 Whose bright battalions, lastly Lucifer, }
 Brings up, and quits his station in the rear.

Tasso by Fairfax.

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
 And donn'd her robes of pure vermillion hue:
 Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
 In Eden's flow'ry gardens gather'd new.

Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene*.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
 Weary of aged *Tithon*'s saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robes thro' dewy air,
 And the high hills *Titan* discovered,
 The royal virgin, &c.
 At last the golden oriental gate
 Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
 And *Phobus* fresh as bridegroom to his mate
 Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair,
 And hurles his glistering beams thro' gloomy air.

Mil.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor which the sun exhales,

Milton in his *Paradise Lost*.

Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

The morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.

And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal, from before her vanish'd night
Shot thro' with orient beams.

There is something rather too puerile (I think) in this conceit of *Milton's*.

Many more might be produced from each of these poets: I have only selected those where particular notice is taken of the *morn* as a person; there are numberless admirable descriptions of the several circumstances that attend the rising of the day, which occasion many beautiful images, proper to the season; these would be too long to insert here; I shall only add a few more lines from *Beaumont and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess*; they likewise have many fine expressions of the morn, to set in competition with their brother poets: and which indeed of our English bards have not? *Taylor the Water-poet* boasts, that he has express't the *rising of the sun*, the morning, (I think) a thousand different ways. The following is from the latter end of the 4th Act of *the Faithful Shepherdess*.

See the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire, the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold:
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs,
Leaps to get in nuts and fruit;
The early lark that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day,
Many a note and many a lay.

Hence *Milton* took the hint of the following lines in his intratitable *L' Allegro*:

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and die:
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn.
Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Juliet's *Resolution*.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears, and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house;
Or, cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
(Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me
tremble)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's *Soliloquy, on drinking the Potion*.

Farewell—God knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse—what should she do here?

My

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come vial—what if this mixture do not work at
all?

Shall I of force be married to the count?
No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there—

[Pointing to a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtle hath ministred, to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and, yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.—
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packt;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festring in his shroud: where, as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits resort—)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.—
Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)
And madly play with my fore-father's joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look, methinks, I see my cousin's ghost.

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE XIII. *Joy and Mirth turn'd to their Contraries.*

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to fullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried coarse,
And all things change into their contraries.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lye with thee to night;
Let's see for means—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
(9) I do remember an apothecary,

And

(9) *I do, &c.*] Garth, in his dispensary, hath endeavoured to imitate this excellent description of Shakespeare's: the lines themselves will be the best proof of his success:

His shop the gazing vulgars eyes employs,
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys,
Here mummies lay, most reverently staled,
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail:
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
The flying fish their finny pinions spread:
Aloft, in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung:
In this place drugs, in musty heaps decay'd:
In that, dry'd bladders, and drawn teeth are laid.

Lxx.

And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples; meager were his looks;
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuft, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes;
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself, I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him:
 Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house.
 Being holy day, the beggar's shop is shut:
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see, that thou art
 poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

Longinus recommends a judicious choice of the most suitable circumstances, as elegantly productive of the sublime; I much question whether Dr. *Garth's* description will stand the test, thus considered, particularly in the last circumstance.

And

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
 Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich,
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to mens
 souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
 sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none—
 Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.

SCENE IV. Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague:
 Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
 Condemn'd villain! I do apprehend thee,
 Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hi-
 ther.

—Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.
 Fly hence and leave me—think upon those gone; *

Let

* *Think upon, &c.*] Meaning *Mercutio* and *Tibalt*. This short scene between *Romeo* and *Paris*, I have always thought extremely affecting. Nothing can raise the character of the former, more than his unwillingness to fight, notwithstanding the highest provocation; and when at last he is obliged to kill his adversary in his own defence, his tenderness on discovery that he is his rival, is increased, and in the most pathetic manner he takes the dying *Paris* by the hand.

Timon

SCENE II.

PAINTING.

THE painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's na-
ture,
He is but outside: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out.

SCENE V. *The pleasure of doing good.*

Oh, you gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes?

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond:

Or

Or a harlot for her weeping ;
 Or a dog that seems a sleeping ;
 Or a keeper with my freedom,
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen, Amen ; so fall to't ;
 Great men sin, and I eat root.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been opprest
 With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrel-
 sie,
 I have retir'd me to a wastful cock (1),
 And set mine eyes at flow.

SCENE V. *The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.*

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
 That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
 Do what they would ; are sorry, you are honoura-
 ble—
 But yet they could have wisht—they know not—
 Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
 May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
 pity—

And so intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks, and these hard (2) fractions,
 With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
 They froze me into silence.

(1) *Cock*, i. e. a cockloft, a garret: and, a *wastful cock*, signifies, a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use. *Oxford editor.*

(2) *Fractions*] i. e. These *breaks* in speech ; such as are expressed above.

Tim. You gods reward them!
 I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
 And nature, as it grows again tow'r'd earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

A C T III. S C E N E II.

Miserable Shifts of a false Friend.

Ser.—My honoured lord— [To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir ; fare
 thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath
 sent—

Luc. Ha ! what hath he sent ? I am so endeared
 to that Lord ; he's ever sending : How shall I thank
 him, think'it thou ? and what hath he sent now ?

Ser. H'as only ient his present occasion now, my
 lord ; requesting your lordship to supply his instant
 use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me,
 he cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord.
 If his occasion were not virtuous,
 I should not urge half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

Ser. Upon my soul, tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish
 myself against such a good time, when I might
 ha'shewn myself honourable ! How unluckily it
 happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for
 a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ? Ser-
 vilius, now before the Gods, I am not able to do
 —(the more beast I say,—I was sending to the Lord

Timon

Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Command me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall. [Exit Servilius.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. True as you said, Timon is shrank indeed, And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *Against Duelling.*

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling Upon the head of valour, which, indeed, Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world, When sects and factions were but newly born. He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe, (3) and make his wrongs

His out sides, wear them like his rayment, carelessly, And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O, thou wall, That girdleſt in those wolves! dive in the earth,

(3) *And make, &c.*] The first part of the sentence is explained by the latter, "He's truly valiant, &c. that can make his wrongs his outides, i. e. wear them like his rayment, carelessly.

And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent ;
 Obedience fail in children ; slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads : to general filths
 Convert o'th' instant, green virginity !
 Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast ;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters throat. Bound servants, steal ;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
 Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
 And with it, beat his brains out ! Fear and piety,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries !
 And yet confusion live !—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
 Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy : breath infect breath,
 That their society (as their friendship) may
 Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !

SCENE II. *A friend forsaken.*

As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes

Slink

Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
 (4) A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shun'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.

SCENE III. On Gold.

(5) What is here ?

Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ?
 (6) No, gods, I am no idle votarist.

Z 3

Roots,

(4) *A dedicated, &c.*] In *Romeo and Juliet*, at the beginning, he speaks prettily of a *bad hit by an envious worm*,
 Ere he can spread his sweet wings to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

In the next line, the author seems to have had his eye on that
 trite and well-known line of *Ovid's*;*Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus oper.*

(5) *What is, &c.*] See page 28 of this volume. *Ben. Johnson*, in his *Volpone*, speaking of gold, says,

Thou art virtue, fame,
 Honour and all things else ! who can get thee
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise —

Mofc. And what he will, sir.

Act 1. S. 1.

Which lines are an exact translation of the following from *Horace*;

*Omnis enim res
 Virtus, fama; decus, divina humanaque pulchritus
 Divitiae parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
 Clarus erit fortis, justus, sapiens; etiam & rex
 Et quicquid volet.*

L. 2. S. 3.

I leave the learned reader to judge, which of the two, this clafsical bard, or our illiterate one, with his *small Latin and Greek*, have best exprest the spirit and meaning of *Horace*.

(6) *Nb, &c.*] This is well explained, Mr. *Warburton* observes, by the following lines of *Persius* — Sat. 2. v. 10.

*Et os**Sub ratis crepet argenti seria dextra
 Hercule !*

Or,

Roots, you clear heavens! thus much of this will
make

Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

You gods! why this? what this? you gods! why,
this

Will lug your priest and servants from your sides:
Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the (7) waped widow wed again;

She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and splices

To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee.

Do thy right nature.

SCENE IV. Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Or, O thou thud'rer's son, great *Hercules*;
That once thy bounteous deity would please,
To guide my rake upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure hidden under ground.

(7) *Waped*, i. e. sorrowful, mournful. *Ben Jonson*, in the 5th
act of the same play we mentioned but now, observes,

That gold transforms
The most deformed, and restores them lovely
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.

The old fellow is here again at his books, as if the slightest re-
mark were not to proceed from his own brain, but to be mid-
wiv'd by him into the world from the classics. *Lucian*, in his
Gallus, says, *Ogas oras*, &c. You see what mighty advan-
tages gold produces, since it *transforms* the most *deformed*, just
as it were that famous poetical *girdle*.

Will

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one ;
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;
 He is an usurper. Strike me the matron,
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant fword : for those milk paps
 That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ ;
 Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the
 babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools extort * their
 mercy :

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle.
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it fans remorse. Swear against objects,
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
 babes,
 Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
 Make large confusion ; and thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone !

To the Courtezans.

Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And mar mens spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor found his quilletts shrilly. (8) Hoar the Flamen,
 That

* *Extort*—Oxford editor, vulg. *exhaust*.

(8) *Hoar*, &c.] Mr. Upton, plainly perceiving there was something wrong in this passage, proposes to read,

Hoarse the Flamen.

i. e. makes hoarse : for to be *hoary* claims reverence : this, not only the poets but the scripture teaches us : *Levit. xix. 32.* "Thou shalt rise up before the *hoary head*." Add to this, that *hoarse*, is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. The poet could

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular (9) to foresee
 Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make cur'd pate
 ruffians bald,
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you.

could never mean——“ Give the Flamen the hoary leprosy that scolds; *hoar*, in this sense is so ambiguous, that the construction hardly admits it, and the opposition plainly requires the other reading.” See *Crit. Observations*, p. 198. Tho’, I must confess Mr. Upton’s conjecture very ingenious, and acknowledge with him, *hoar*, as it stands, can never be *Shakespear’s* word; yet neither can I think, *hoarse*, to be so: tho’ perhaps it may seem unreasonable in me to condemn it, without being able to offer a better in its place. But I am apt to imagine there is a word by some means or other slipt out of the text, and wanted where I have placed the site isk.

Nor found his quillet shirrily. * the hoar Flamen
 That scolds, &c.

What the word so lost is, or how it must be supplied, can be only conjectured, so that every reader will have a pleasing opportunity of trying his critical sagacity; the epithet is very proper for the *Flamen*, and it seems to me, if we allow *hoarse*, there is none, or very little difference between what he and the lawyer were to suffer; it seems probable, *scolds* in the next line, has been misplac’d: and, indulging conjecture, we may at least be allowed to suppose the passage originally stood thus;

Nor found his quillet shrewdly. *Scald the hoar Flamen,*
 That rails against the quality of the flesh,
 And not believes himself.

Thus, that part of the *Flamen*, which procures him reverence, his hoar head would suffer, and thus the punishments are varied. But this is only guess-work, and yet in such cases we have a better right to proceed in the daring work of alteration, than where an author’s text is corrupt only to our feeble imaginations.

(9) *To foresee*] As men by *foreseeing*, provide for, and take care of their affairs, *Shakespear* uses the word in that sense, “ of him that to foresee, [provide for and see after] his own particular advantage, &c.

SCENE V. Timon's *Reflections on the Earth.*

That nature being sick of man's unkindnes,
Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all ; oh, thou ! whose self-same
mettle

(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is pust)
Engenders the black toad, and adder-blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm ;
With all th' abhorred births below (10) crisp heav'n,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb ;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above.
Never presented—O, a root—dear thanks !
(11) Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn
leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liq'rish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.

(10) *Crisp*—*crispus*, *crispatus*, *curled* ; alluding to the clouds, that appear *curled*, and to which he gives that epithet in the *Tempest*.

To ride

On the *curled* clouds.

(11) *Dry up*] Mr. *Warburton* reads here, *Dry up thy bare*
new'd veins, and plough-torn leas : and the *Oxford* editor,

Dry up thy meadows, vineyards, plough-torn leas.

The *Oxford* editor has some ground for his criticism, for I find in the folio, *marrows*, *vines*, &c. and for Mr. *Warburton*'s there is indeed something to be said, tho' he must observe, the metaphor is not kept up by his alteration (for 'tis to keep up the metaphor he alters) except another slight emendation be made of *leas* into *limbs* !

Timon's

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From chance of fortune. Why this spade? this
place?

This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'lers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these (12)
weeds,

By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'ler now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'lt cast away thyself, being like thy-
self,
So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'ſt
thou,

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these * moss'd
trees

That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,

(12) *Weeds.* This was woods, till alter'd by Mr. Warburton; we may observe, *Apemantus* frequently reproaches *Timon* with his change of garb.

This slave like habit——

This sour cold habit on,——*Sc.*

* *Moss'd*, Oxf. edit. vulg. *moss'd*.

And

And skip when thou pointst out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee:
 Oh! thou shalt find—

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender
 arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
 Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
 To such, as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command; thou wouldest have plung'd thy-
 self

In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but followed
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eye, the hearts of
 men

At duty more than I could frame employments;
 That numberless upon me struck, as leaves
 Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows, I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen,
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance; time
 Hath made the hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou giv'n?
 If thou wilt curse thy fa'her, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff
 To some sne-beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou

Theu hadst been knave and flatterer.

On Gold.

O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

"Twixt natural son and fire ! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Though ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate woo-
er,

(13) Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible God,
That souldrest close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kits ! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose ! Oh, thou touch of hearts !
Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

SCENE VII. Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want ? behold, the earth hath
roots,

Within this mile break forth an hundred springs ;
The oaks bear mastis, the briars scarlet hips :
The bounteous huswife nature on each bush
Lays her full mesf before you. Want ? why want ?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grafs, on berries, wa-
ter,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and
fishes :

(13) *Whose blush, &c.*] The imagery here is exquisitely beau-
tiful and sublime ; and that still heightened by allusion to a fa-
ble and custom of antiquity, viz. the story of *Danae* and the
golden shower ; and the use of consecrating to a god or goddess,
that which, from a similarity of nature, they were supposed to
hold in esteem. *Warburton.*

You

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves protest; that you work not
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape;
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob; * takes wealth and life toge-
 ther:

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery,
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The (14) mounds into salt tears. The earth's a
 thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composure stol'n
 From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
 power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away,
 Rob one another; there's more gold; cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
 Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
 But thieves do lose it.

* Takes wealth and life together; *Oxford* edit. vul. Take
 wealth and live together

(14) *Mounds*] This formerly was *moon*, and the alteration is
 claimed by Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Warburton*: the opinion they
 suppose our author alludes to, is, that the saltneſs of the ſea is
 caused by ſeveral ranges or *mounds* of rock-faſt under water,
 with which refloing liquor the ſea was impregnated. The whole
 of this ſeems to be a good deal in the manner of *Anacreon*'s ce-
 lebrated drinking *ode*, too well known to be inserted here.

ACT V. SCENE I.

—On his honest Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man; mistake me not, but one:
No more, I pray; and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all save thee,
I fell with curses.

(15) Methinks, thou art more honest now, than
wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck.

SCENE II. *Difference betwixt Promise and Performance.*

Promising is the very air of the time, it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for its act, and but in the plain and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

SCENE V. *Wrong and Insolence.*

Now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

(15) *Methinks, etc.* See *Othello*, p. 287.

Titus



Titus Andronicus.

A C T I. S C E N E II.

M E R C Y.

(1) **W**I L T thou draw near the nature of the
Gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

S C E N E III. T H A N K S.

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

S C E N E IV. *An Invitation to Love.*

(2) The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,

(1) *Wilt, &c.*] This, as Mr. Whalley has observed, is directly the sense and words of a passage in one of Cicero's finest orations: *Homines ad Deos natus re propius accedunt, quam saintem hominibus dando. Oratio pro Ligore. sub fin.* See *Enquiry into the learning of Shakespeare*, p. 64.

(2) *The birds, &c.*]

Nobilis affixus platanus, &c.

A plain diffus'd its bow'ring verdure wide
With trembling pines, which to the Zephyr sigh'd:
Laurels with berries crown'd, the boughs inwov'd,
And the fast cypress, ever whisp'ring love:
Midst these a brook in winding murmurs stray'd,
Chiding the pebbles over which it play'd,
'Twas love's Elysium. *Petrar. arb. by Addisio junior.*

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
 Under their sweet shade, Aaros, let us sit,
 And whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise :
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave ;
 We may each wreathed in the others arms,
 (Our pastime done) possess a golden slumber ;
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

S C E N E V. *Kale, a dark and melancholy one described.*

(3) A barren and detested vale, you see, it is..
 The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful misteltoe.
 Here never shines the sun : here nothing breeds

(3) *Barren, &c.]*

*Non bac autumnus tellus viret; aut alit herbas
 Cespite latus ager: non verno persica cantu
 Mellia discardi strepitu virgulta loquuntur:
 Sed chaos, & nigro squalentia pumice saxa
 Gaudent, ferali circum tumulata cupressu.*

No autumn here e'er cloaths herself with green,
 Nor joyful spring the languid herbage cheers ;
 Nor feather'd warblers chant their pleasing strains,
 In vernal concert to the rustling boughs :
 But chaos reigns, and ragged rocks around,
 With nought but baleful cypress are adorn'd.

Petrus. Arbit. translated by Baker.

Unless

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confus'd cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.

SCENE VII. *A ring, in a dark Pit.*

(4) Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
 Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
 And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Young Lady playing on the Lute and singing.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus has thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 Oh, had the monster seen those lilly hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute.

(4) *Upon, &c.* [We may suppose the light thrown into the pit by this ring; something of that kind Milton speaks of, in the first book of *Paradise lost*.]

A dungeon horrible on all sides round:
 As one great furnace flam'd: yet from those flames
 No light but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe, &c. P. 61.

Again, —

The seat of desolation void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames,
 Casts pale and dreadful. — P. 181.

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them ;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 (5) Or had he heard the heav'ly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made :
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

A C T III. S C E N E II.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear !

(5) *Or, &c.*] This puts me in mind of that most excellent passage in *Milton's Comus*, where upon the lady's singing, *Comus* observes, —

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence :
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, thro' the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness, till it smil'd ! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe, with the Sirens three
 Amid'st the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charibdis murmur'd soft applause :
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. —

*A Person in Despair, compar'd to one on a Rock,
etc.*

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Tears compar'd to Dew on a lilly.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. (6) Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But ?—how if that fly had a father and mother?

How

(6) *Alas.*] The mind of *Titus* is wholly taken up with a reflection on his misfortunes, and his miseries as a parent: His brother *Marcus* killing a fly, he reprehends him for his cruelty; for, says he,

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus'* brother.

And he further reflects upon it, and brings it to himself: “How, says he, if this poor fly had a father and mother—how? what—would he hang, &c. The reader must see the impropriety; for surely, he would add, “how would they, the father and the mother, for the loss, hang their slender gilded wings, and buzz-lamenting doings in the air? so that doubtless we should read,

How would they hang their slender gilded wings
And buzz-lamenting doings in the air?

For the fly after being kill'd, could not hang his wings *himself*,
nor

How would they hang their slender, gilded wings,
 And buzz-lamenting dolings in the air!
 Poor harmlefs fly,
 That with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry ;
 And thou hast kill'd him.

R E V E N G E.

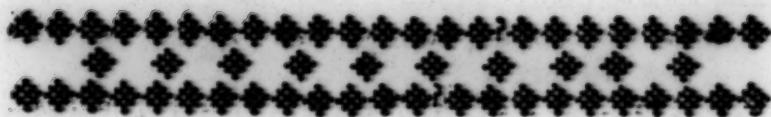
Lo, by thy side where rape and murder stands ;
 Now give some furance that thou art revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe ;
 Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves.
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile foot-man all day long ;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.

nor buzz-lamenting *doings* ; which word, though perhaps not altogether so expressive, seems to me the true one ; it is frequently used for an *action*, a thing *done* : Mr. Theobald proposes,

Lamenting dolings.

Though he was conscious of the similarity between the word and the epithet ; notwithstanding which the *Oxford* editor gives us,

Laments and doings.



Troilus and Cressida.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Love, in a brave young Soldier.

(1) **C**ALL here my varlet: I'll un-arm again.
C Why should I war without the walls of
 Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,

Let

(1) *Call, &c.*] Mr. *Thesbald* and Mr. *Upton* both perceived our author's allusion here to an ode of *Anacreon*, (or as the latter says, "to a thought printed among those poems, which are ascribed to *Anacreon*.") *Ben Jonson*, as well as our author, alludes to it in the following passage:

Volpone. O I am wounded!*Mef.* Where, Sir?*Volpone.* Not without;

Those blows were nothing; I could bear them ever.

But angry Cupid bolting from her eyes,

Hath shot himself into me, like a flame;

Where now he flings about his burning heat,

As in a furnace some ambitious fire

Whose vent is stopt. *The fight is all within me.**Volpone* Act. 2. S. 3.

This is the ode:

— Εἰ Σ' εαυτού
 Αρνητείς οἵτινες
 Μετόπει ρέεις μεν
 Εδυτε καὶ μὲν ελυτοί.
 Ματην δ' εχεις βοσκείν
 Τι γαρ βαθυμεῖς εἴτε,
 ΜΑΧΗΣ ΕΣΩ Μ' ΕΧΟΥΣΣΗΣ;

Deinda

Let him to field: Troilus, alas! hath none.

The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance:
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

* * * * *

○ Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus——

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not, in how many fathoms deep,
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad:
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart,
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handlest in thy discours—O that (2) her hand!

Deinde scipsum project in modum teli: mediusque cordis mei penetravit & me solvit. Frustra itaque habeo sentum: quid enim muniamur extra, bello intus me exercente. Mr. Upon speaking of the several translations of the last line but one, adds "Now I will set *Shakespear's* translation against them all: *Why should I war without.* Τι γαρ βαλωμενός εἴτε—For this is the meaning of the phrase, *quid hostem petam, vel quid hostem ferire a�grediar extra;* cum hostis intus est? &c. See remarks on three plays of *Ben Jonson*, p. 28.

(2) *Her hand, &c.*] In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, speaking of a white hand, he says;

That pure congealed white high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow.
When thou hold'st up thy hand. A. 3. S. 6.

I don't know what to make of the words *and spirit of sense*, nor do any of the critics satisfy me: the *Oxford* editor reads,

To th' spirit of sense.

Mr. Warburton,

And (spite of sense).

Neither of which appear to me as from the hand of *Shakespear*: whether by the *spirit of sense*, he means the *sense of touching*, I cannot tell; that seems the most probable, "to the seizure of her hand the *down* of the cygnet is harsh, and its *spirit of sense* [the soft and delicate *sense*, its *tough* gives us] hard as the plowman's palm."

Imp

In whose comparison, all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure
The cignet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of plowman. This thou tell'st me;
(As true thou tell'st me) when I say I love her:
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

SCENE V. *Success, not equal to our Hopes.*

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of action, highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away; untune that string,
And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity.
And the rude son would strike his father dead:
Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice (3) resides)

Would

(3) *Besides*] The thought here is beautiful and sublime: *Right* and *wrong* are supposed as enemies, who are perpetually at war, between whom *Justice* hath her place of residence, and sits as an umpire; for 'tis the endless jar of right and wrong, that only gives occasion for the *interpretation* of justice. Mr. *Warton* hath, in this place, been too severe on poor *Theobald*, the *critic*, (as he calls him) for dropping a slight remark, which, were it not defensible, should rather be excus'd than censur'd;

and

Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power;
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite (an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last, eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies weight;
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this bed-work mapp'ry, closet war:
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

—Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works?
 And think them shame, which are indeed, nought
 else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in man?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
 The wife and fool, the artist and unread,

and introduced an alteration of his own, which an ill-natured
 remarker might possibly find pleasure in retorting upon him. But
 as the only business of a commentator is to do justice to his au-
 thor, it seems to me highly improper to stuff one's observations
 with the gall of private animosities.

The

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and pow'rful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmixed.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and fore-hand of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the live long day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on;
 And like a strutting player, (whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and found
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
 Such to-be-pitied, and o'er-wrested seeming,
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd;
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
 Cries—excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just—
 Now play me Nestor—hum, and stroke thy beard,
 As he, being drest to some oration.
 That's done—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife;
 Yet good Achilles still cries excellent!

"Tis Nestor right ! now play with me, Patroclus,
 Arming to answer in a night-alarm :
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,
 Sir Valour dies ; cries, " O !—enough, Patroclus—
 Or, " give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 " In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes,

SCENE VI. *Respect.*

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning, when the coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus.

ACT II. SCENE III.

DOUBT.

The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
 'The beacon of the wise ; the tent that searches
 To th' bottom of the worst.

SCENE IV. *Pleasure and Revenge.*

Pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
 Of any true decision.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *The Subtilty of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.*

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Uly. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Uly. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self admission.

Aga. Why will he not upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Uly. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,
He makes important: he's possest with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swol'n and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Uly. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so,
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,) shall he be worship'd

Of that, we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 (As amply titled, as Achilles is,) by going to Achilles:

That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him? Jupiter forbid,
 And say in thunder, Achilles go to him!

Nes. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.
Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!
Ajax. If I go to him—with my armed fist,
 I'll dash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.
Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheese his
 pride; let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
 quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow—
Nes. How he describes himself!
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.
Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.
Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the
 patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind—
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.
Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat
 swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. An 'twould, you'd carry half.
Ulyss. He would have ten shares.
Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple,—
Nes. He's not yet thorough warm; force him
 with praises, pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
Nes. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog! that palters thus with us—
Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyf. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulyf. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange or self-affected.

Ulyf. Thank the heav'ns, lord thou art of sweet
composition;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yields
To sinewy Ajax; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyf. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket; please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to morrow, friends,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:
And here's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let Achilles sleep;
Light boats sail swift, tho' greater hulks draw
deep. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE III.

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds.
Propos'd for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid: * * * *
I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchanteth my sense: what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed,
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy. * * * *
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;

And

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountring
The eye of majesty.

SCENE V. *Constancy in Love protested.*

Troilus. True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes: truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, (4) as plantage to the moon,
As fun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truth's authentic author to be cited,)
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verie,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cref. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;

(4) *As plantage,* &c.] The *Oxford* editor observes, "It was heretofore the prevailing opinion, that the production and growth of plants depended much upon the influences of the moon: and the rules and directions given for sowing, planting, grafting, pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the increase, or waining of the moon."

Pard

Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son ;
 Yea—let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

SCENE VII. *Pride cures Pride.*

Pride hath no other glass
 To shew itself, but pride : for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatness, contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with for-
 tune,
 Must fall out with men too : what the declined is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
 Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer ;
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
 That are without him ; as place, riches favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit ;
 Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers)
 The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
 (5) Do one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall.

*Honour's continu'd Acts necessary to preserve its
 Lustre.*

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

(5) *Do.*] This is commonly read *datb*; but so, is not *English*.
Whch, in the 3d line preceding, is the nominative case, and
 plural: the rest should all be read as in a parenthesis. I find, the
Oxford editor is the only one that reads it properly.

(A great

(A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes)

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:

To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,

Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,

Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue; if you give way,

Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,

Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,

And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,

Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,

For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run

And trampled on: then what they do in present,

Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;

But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,

Grasps in the corner; welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit, high-birth, desert in service,

Love, friendship charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;

That all, with one consent praise new-born gawds,

Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More land than they will give to gold o'er dusted:

The present eye praises the present object.

SCENE VIII. Love shook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid.

Shall

Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold;
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

SCENE VII. *Thersites mimicking Ajax.*

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
 for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
 Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an hero-
 ical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
 a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that
 hath no arithmetic but her brain, to set down her
 reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who
 should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twould
 out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as
 fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking.
 The man's undone for ever: for if Hector break
 not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in
 vain glory. He knows not me: I said good-mor-
 row, Ajax: and he replies, thanks, Agamemnon.
 What think you of this man, that takes me for
 the general? he's grown a very land fish, language-
 less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may
 wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
 Thersites.

Ther. Who I?—why, he'll answer no body; he
 professes not answering; speaking is for beggars, he
 wears his tongue i'n arms. I will put on his
 pretence; let Patroclus make his demands to me,
 you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil.

Achil. To him, Patroclus—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain general, of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum! —

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum—

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon! —

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o' clock it will go one way or other; howsoever he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus: what music will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him strait.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd, And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exit.

Ther.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it ! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. (6) O Cressida ! but that the busy day, Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, I would not from thee.

Cress. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights she stays, Tedious as hell ; but flies the grasps of love, With wings more momentary swift than thought.

Lover's Farewel.

Injurious time, now with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how : As many farewels as be stars in heav'n, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up all in one loose adieu ; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss ; Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths.

The Grecian youths are full of subtle qualities, They're loving, well-compos'd, with gifts of nature Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;

(6) *Troil.* See *Hamlet* and *Juliet*,

How

How novelties may move, and parts with person—
 Alas! a kind of godly jealousy
 (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
 Makes me afraid.

SCENE VIII. *A Trumpeter.*

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
 Blow, villain, till thy spher'd-bias cheek
 Out-swell the cholic of puf't Aquilon:
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes pout
 blood;
 Thou blow'st for Hector.

Diomedes's *Manner of walking.*

"Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate:
 He rises on his toe: that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Description of Cressida.

(7) There's language in her eye, her cheek, her
 lip,
 Nay her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
 At every joint, and motive of her body:
 Oh, these encounterers! so glib of tongue,
 They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;

(7) *There's, &c.*] Nothing can exceed this description of a
 wanton woman. *Richard* (in the beginning of *Richard the third*)
 speaking of *Jane Shore*, says,

We say that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a puffing pleasant tongue.

But in *Isaiah* there is a description of the wanton daughters of
 Zion, which is peculiarly beautiful. "Because the daughters of
 Zion are haughty, and walk with stretch'd-forth necks, and
 wanton eyes, walking, and mincing as they go, and making a
 tinkling with their feet, &c. See chap. iii. ver. 16

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader ; set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
 Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd ;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
 For what he has he gives ; what thinks, he shews :
 Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty ;
 Nor dignifies an impair though with breath :
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
 For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 To tender objects : but he in heat of action
 Is more vindictive than jealous love.

SCENE IX. *Hector in Battle.*

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Thro' ranks of Greekish youth ; and I have seen
 thee
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in th' air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd :
 That I have said unto my standers by,
 Lo, Jupites is yonder, dealing life !
 And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks hath hem'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling.

Achil-

Achilles surveying Hector.

Tell me, ye heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him ! whether there or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where out,
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens !

A C T V. S C E N E VI.

Honour more dear than Life.

(8) Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Pity to be discarded in War.

For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers ;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords !

Rash Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

(8) *Mine Honour, &c.*] See the first passage in *Julius Caesar* ;
and the note.

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